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THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

THE pundits have now told us exactly who will be what in the reconstructed Government, and their prophecies will doubtless be confirmed very soon after these lines are in print. The most important move will be that of Sir John Simon from the Foreign Office; he is to get as compensation, we understand, not merely the Home Office, but the deputy-leadership of the House of Commons and No. 11, Downing Street. Few will regret this change; but many will be disappointed if it is Sir Samuel Hoare and not Mr. Eden who becomes Foreign Secretary. The Cabinet reshuffle has naturally diminished popular interest in the Birthday Honours List that was published on Monday. This list was so long and so varied that one must be content with congratulating all the recipients—the new peers and privy councillors, the baronets and the knights (including, as somebody has observed, two Trade Union leaders "who figured prominently in the General Strike"), the O.M.s and C.H.s, the O.B.E.s and M.B.E.s, and the rest. Both sexes, all parties, art, literature, drama, the professions and the world of business are represented. It is good Jubilee stuff, typical of our British democracy, and inexplicable to anybody but a Briton.

The Two Italies

Another "incident" in Africa has occurred to aggravate Italian tempers. A small force of Abyssinian tribesmen attacked a post on the Eritrean frontier last Friday, and there were some casualties on either side. It does not look like an affair of first-class importance; but in Italy, as might be expected, the most is being made of it. Apart from this, the mobilisation and transhipment of troops, mechanics and war material of all sorts are going on steadily. And so also are Italian press attacks on Great Britain. These issue not merely in general Anglophobe sentiments, but in specific, and ludicrously unfounded, allegations about the support we are giving in East Africa to the Abyssinian cause. From behind the scenes we are getting reports from trustworthy sources which suggest that if the Italian people were free to express their views and make their will effective, Mussolini would have to sing a very different song. "There is no war fever in the country," writes one of our correspondents, "outside a small circle and the inflammatory press that does everything to whip it up. . . . There is no doubt whatever about the unpopularity of the Government's colonial policy, even in the army. . . . In fact, I have heard the wish expressed that England would speak out more firmly than she has done and exert greater pressure to prevent it." That is the wish of a great many Englishmen too!

The Naval Conversations

The Anglo-German "naval conversations"—strictly private—have begun in London this week. The German claim to a navy equal to 35 per cent. of the British strength seems to be regarded by some innocent people as relatively modest on Herr Hitler's part. But our experts, we understand, take a different view. The British navy, they point out, has to be scattered all over the five seas; our fleet in home waters can be reckoned at about only one-third of our total strength, and since the whole German fleet would be in home waters, the 35 per cent. would practically mean parity. It would also, by the Washington ratio, give Germany naval parity with France—a consideration which will presumably weigh in London as well as in Paris. Nor is this all. A great part of our tonnage, the experts say, is obsolete, and Germany's proposed new fleet would actually give her superiority over our post-war tonnage. If our post-war tonnage is to be taken as the criterion, Germany's 35 per cent. must come down to 17 per cent. What will Hitler say to that? Another point about which the British Admiralty are not happy is the building (which is now going on, though forbidden like many other things, of course, by the Treaty of Versailles) of the twelve German submarines. A lot more conversation will be wanted, we fear, before any general naval agreement is in sight. Meanwhile our Big Navy enthusiasts are already crying for a bigger navy.

Passage of the India Bill

The India Bill passed its third reading on Wednesday, and should Sir Samuel Hoare's forecast be fulfilled it will be through the Lords by the middle of July. The closing debate was kept on a high level, and there was justice in Mr. Morgan Jones's claim that the conduct of the measure through forty parliamentary days was a triumph for the House and for the Secretary of State. The Labour Party were clearly right in maintaining their protest to the end, since their three main objections stand. The refusal of the Government to reaffirm the Dominion status pledge is a grave political error; the position of the Princes in a federal scheme cannot fail to prove an embarrassment for the autonomous provinces, and the Indian political public will not be persuaded that responsible government can be a reality so long as the safeguards of imperial authority at the centre remain as in this Bill. But Sir Samuel Hoare's general assumption is not to be challenged. The Bill will pass, the constitution will come into being, and the National Congress Party—although, as Major Attlee pointed out, left in a position to make wrecking tactics a strong temptation—will be driven to play an active part in the shaping of the new India. The personality of the next Viceroy, we think, will be a matter of unusual importance.

The Greatest American Issue

Mr. Roosevelt has not sought to minimise the state of national emergency created by the Supreme Court judgment; he has assumed that virtually all federal authority in respect of the N.R.A. codes is at an end. But this does not imply that chaos prevails in American industry and trade. The Recovery Act expires on June 16th. The President will submit emergency legislation designed to continue the N.R.A. in skeleton form until April 1st, 1936. No later date could be suggested. Mr. Roosevelt, necessarily, has appealed for voluntary maintenance of the codes, and he is supported by the president of the U.S. Chamber of Commerce who affirms that business opinion is in favour of minimum wages, the standard day and the end of child labour. The steel and textile industries have declared for the codes, but it would seem almost impossible to avert war in the bituminous coal-fields with their 450,000 angry miners. Mr. Roosevelt, meanwhile, has dared the utmost by announcing that the Supreme Court judgment means just one thing—that the American people must now determine whether the United States is a federal Union or only a loose association of 48 little empires. Here at last is a terrific issue; and the irony of next year's election campaign will be complete if the cause of an all-powerful central government is to be upheld by the leader of the party historically identified with State rights.

Waterloo Bridge

The model of the new Waterloo Bridge, photographed in the press and now on view at the County Hall, suggests that "Rennie's masterpiece" will have a not unworthy successor. Unfortunately Londoners will have to bear the entire cost of it out of current expenditure, Parliament having this week refused to sanction a loan from the Road Fund. The complaint heard afterwards in the L.C.C. that London has been getting less than a fair share of the Fund seems justifiable, and the fact is doubtless due to the backwardness of the preceding Council in carrying through highway work. But Parliament's refusal on this occasion appears to be a mixture of spite and party tactics. The spite is against a municipal body that has dared to proceed with the rebuilding of a bridge contrary to its recommendation; the party tactics are directed by the Tory majority in the House of Commons against a Labour majority in County Hall, the calculation being that refusal to grant a loan would embarrass Labour by forcing it to raise the rates. This discreditable manoeuvre has been frustrated, Mr. Morrison announcing that sufficient provision has been made to avoid the need of an extra rate. Partisan action of such a kind on a matter of first-class importance to the capital does Parliament no good, and is likely to be resented in a practical way in London constituencies at the General Election.

Juveniles and Unemployment

Unemployment practically stationary, employment still on the up-grade. That, briefly, is the tale told by last month's figures from the Ministry of Labour. Unemployment would have fallen appreciably but for the large number of school-leavers who are just now entering industry and beginning to compete for jobs. Indeed, for some time past the unemployment returns have furnished the most scathing indictment of our national folly in failing to raise the school-leaving age to fifteen. It is impossible to say precisely what effect the raising of the age would have on unemployment; but the recent returns are enough to show that it would be considerable, and that the school-leavers are to a noticeable extent driving their elders out of work. The valuable P.E.P. Report on *Entrance to Industry* estimates that the raising of the school age to fifteen, together with the institution of part-time day continuation schools up to eighteen, would

practically eliminate the unemployment of juveniles and reduce it among adults by about half a million. Of course, the leaving age ought to be raised on quite other grounds than these—above all, because the Hadow scheme cannot work effectively until it is raised. But the argument from unemployment powerfully reinforces the more enduring arguments from national benefit and social justice.

The Swiss Referendum

The Swiss Socialists and their allies have met with defeat in their attempt to secure the adoption, by means of a referendum, of a *plan du travail* on the lines of the Belgian project associated with the name of M. Henri de Man. The Swiss *initiative de crise*, which involved extreme public measures for the stimulation and control of industry on expansionist lines, has been defeated by 570,000 votes to 424,000 and by twenty Cantons against five. These relative figures show that the project found little support among the peasants in the less populous Cantons. There was a majority for it in Berne and Basle, but not in Geneva. The adoption of the *initiative*, which easily secured the number of votes required for submitting it to a referendum, was not expected; but the majority of Cantons against it is larger than its opponents had ventured to predict. Undoubtedly one issue behind the struggle was that of currency policy, for the project would have involved devaluation of the Swiss franc. But the decision probably went against it far less on this ground than because of a concentration of forces which regarded it as the thin end of the Socialist wedge and as making for too much restriction on the "State rights" of the separate Cantons. For the moment, however, the vote will strengthen the Government's hands against the advocates of devaluation.

The Dutch and Their Money

Holland, as well as France and Switzerland, is in trouble over the gold standard. The Prime Minister and the Governor of the Bank seem as determined as ever to preserve the gold parity of the guilder unchanged. But the industrialists are becoming more and more restive; and this week the Minister of Commerce has been driven to resign because he disapproves of the Prime Minister's policy. The Catholics as well as the Socialists are coming round to devaluation as the only alternative to the drastic further cuts in public expenditure which Mr. Colijn and his colleagues are trying to enforce. The main argument advanced in favour of Holland's present policy is that it is essential to safeguard the position of Amsterdam as a centre of international finance. But this argument is steadily losing force as doubts increase of the possibility of the present gold value of the guilder being maintained for any considerable time. Holland stands to gain as an exporter from the devaluation of her currency; carrying her colonies with her she would not be prejudiced as an importer of colonial produce; and, if the experience of the last few years goes for anything, even her *rentiers* would not lose if devaluation contributed to the restoration of industrial prosperity. Nevertheless, the Dutch cling even more firmly than the French to the gold standard at the present parity. This policy could, however, hardly survive devaluation of the French franc; and if France is driven to lower the franc's gold value in the near future, the Dutch and Swiss are virtually certain to follow France's example.

"Play Streets"

The Minister of Transport emerged with credit from the debate on his Department this week. There is general recognition that, however much his plans may err in detail, they are conceived in a bold and energetic spirit and have in some respects already proved successful. It will be instructive to watch the results of his decision to close certain roads in poor areas to traffic, so as to leave them free from danger for children to play in. The idea has often been suggested and has already been tried in Manchester and Salford, apparently with success. The inhabitants of the streets now concerned are said to be opposed to the proposal, on the grounds that it will cause inconvenience and will make the streets much noisier by attracting to them children from other streets in the neighbourhood. It is easy to see some force in these objections, but even so the experiment should be worth trying, especially since it was stated by Mr. Hore-Belisha that of road deaths last year approximately 33 per cent. were among children. Clearly it is preferable that some people should be put to inconvenience than that this appalling slaughter should go undiminished. There would be a much more serious objection if the provision of "play streets" were to lessen the effort for real playgrounds. Play streets must not be regarded as anything but a poor second best.

Thomas v. Sawkins

The judgment of the Divisional Court in the case of Thomas *v.* Sawkins (as reported in the *Times* of May 31st) makes what to most of us appears new law—surprising and sinister new law. We had always supposed that the police had no right of entry to a "public meeting on private premises," unless either they were invited in by the promoters of the meeting, or (as the Home Secretary put it in the House of Commons on June 14th, 1934) they had "reason to believe that an actual breach of the peace is being committed in the meeting." But it seems that we were wrong, and Sir John Gilmour was wrong. The Lord Chief Justice in giving judgment declared, according to the *Times*, that he "was not at all prepared to accept that it was only where an offence was being, or had been, committed that the police were entitled to enter and remain on private premises. On the contrary it seemed to him *ex virtute officii* a police constable that he should have a right to enter such premises when he had ample grounds for believing that the commission of an offence was imminent." And in another passage Lord Hewart spoke of entry, where there were reasonable grounds of apprehension, as being "part of the preventive power and, therefore, the preventive *duty* of a constable." (Our italics.) If the *Times* report is accurate, this opens the door to the exercise of police powers of a kind which no one who is zealous for civil liberties can regard with equanimity.

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THE FRANC AND THE EXCHANGES

THE new French Government came a cropper at its first fence on Tuesday night. For its fall—by a bare adverse majority of two—it had mainly itself to blame. Monsieur Caillaux's attitude was defiant and provocative enough; M. Bouisson's speech settled the business by goading the distracted Radicals into voting against him at the last moment. What will come out of the present hurly-burly no one can be sure. M. Laval has failed to form a Cabinet; M. Piétri is trying his hand, as we write. If he succeeds, he will presumably get the plenary powers, or something approaching them, which his predecessors demanded, or else there will be a dissolution and a general election. In either case, it looks as if the devaluation of the franc cannot be postponed much longer. And there is little doubt that the devaluation of the franc will make for the greatest happiness of the greatest number.

When Great Britain went off the gold standard in 1931 there were some who expected the skies to fall. When Mr. Roosevelt began playing curious games with the dollar, publicly announcing his preference for high and stable prices to fixed exchange rates, bankers all over the world told one another in hushed voices that the end could not be far off. And when the World Economic Conference failed to arrive at an international monetary agreement, the leading delegations speedily packed up and went home, as if nothing except currency stabilisation was worth discussing at all.

Yet the skies did not fall because the gold value of the pound and the dollar was reduced. Indeed, in general, the countries which have lessened the gold value of their currencies have fared a good deal better than those which have clung to the old parities. America's troubles are bad enough; but they do not spring from the depreciation of the currency. The least unprosperous countries in the world to-day—those which have succeeded best in keeping up the standard of living during the crisis—are Sweden, Denmark and Great Britain; and all three have depreciated their money in terms of gold. Doubtless their gain has been to a considerable extent other countries' loss; for as conditions within the area of depreciation have improved conditions in the gold bloc countries have got worse. In all Europe, only the gold bloc failed to share in last year's upward movement of economic activity; and outside Europe China, which is tied to silver, was their principal companion in distress.

It would have been natural for the gold countries, learning from this experience, to follow the example of Great Britain and Scandinavia and the United States. But for a long time none of them did. Italy, driven off the gold standard by sheer economic pressure, preferred a controlled exchange to open devaluation, despite the inevitable consequence of the choice in perpetuating depression. Belgium was at length forced, after a severe political crisis, to adopt devaluation—so far as one can judge with excellent results. But France, Holland and Switzerland have clung with relentless obstinacy to an unchanged gold parity, though it has condemned them to a powerful process of deflation and public economy which has failed to achieve its purpose of bringing their prices and costs back into balance with those of their less obstinately orthodox neighbours. Each of these countries has been menaced recently by a currency crisis; but they have stood fast, refusing to take what seems to most outsiders—economists as well as laymen—the obviously sensible course.

Maybe we ought to take the defenders of the franc no more seriously than it proved necessary to take Mr. Snowden in 1931. The National Government's mission was to "save the pound"; but in the event Mr. Snowden had to put his signature to the sentence of death which economic forces had passed upon it. The French Finance Minister may have to do the same; for while he is better placed than we were in 1931 for "saving" the franc for a time, it is impossible to believe that mere budgeting economies can redress the situation. The franc is overvalued—so much overvalued that no measures of deflation that any French Government dare attempt will suffice to bridge the gulf; for measures on the scale required would wreck any Government and quite possibly bring revolution. It is, therefore, probable that M. Caillaux's successor will either perform himself a *volte face* like Mr. Snowden's, or will first achieve such budgetary economies as he can, and then make way for some less orthodox Minister who will complete the work by revaluing the franc at a lower level. Even if all the gold in the world were in France, that would make no difference in the long run; for the forces making for devaluation are at bottom not financial, but severely economic.

There is a middle course which might very likely be attempted—devaluation under the terms of an international agreement and not by autonomous decision of the French Government. If the French could persuade the Americans and ourselves to enter into a banking agreement for the restoration of stable exchanges, they might be readier to devalue the franc as part of such an international agreement than to act by themselves. The responsibility would seem to French *rentier* opinion to be less exclusively theirs. They would be able to blame President Roosevelt and Mr. Chamberlain, in the hope that less censure would fall upon themselves. Above all, they would be able to assure their public that the devaluation was not a first slip down the bottomless slope of inflation, but a single decisive act, to be accompanied by a return of the world to stable exchange rates and orthodox finance.

But is the French Government likely to be able to pull off such a *coup?* There are indeed powerful forces working for this solution behind the scenes. Wherever the world's bankers gather together they exchange views upon the obliquity of Governments and the means of enforcing a general return to the gold standard. The American bankers are for such a return, hardly less strongly than our own. In fact, practically all the bankers are for it, all over the world. But is Mr. Roosevelt, however little he is thinking just now of further manipulation of the currency, likely amid all his present troubles to tie himself down to a fixed parity for the dollar? He occupies the key position; for we shall assuredly refuse to move if he does not. If, however, he were to agree, probably Mr. Montagu Norman could persuade Mr. Chamberlain to agree as well, at any rate to some sort of *de facto* stabilisation for a limited period. As in so many other matters, the word is with Mr. Roosevelt; and in this particular matter his word is likely to go.

France ought to devalue. In the short run we might stand to lose a little from the stronger competition of French exports. But in a longer run we have everything to gain from France being prosperous rather than depressed. If some sort of international understanding is a necessary condition of orderly devaluation in France, it is worth our while to go some way to meet her, provided we do not tie our hands for too far ahead, or in such a manner as to put our monetary conditions out of step with those of the United States. The French tenacity in clinging to the established parity may seem to us stupid; it may show that French bankers have far too much influence in the shaping of French political policy. But it is to our and the world's interest that the gold bloc should come off its insecure perch at the earliest possible moment, and if a temporary and conditioned currency agreement will help to bring this about we ought to be willing to come in, if the United States will come in too. Currency disequilibrium between the gold countries and the rest of the world is now an important factor holding back economic recovery. We have no love for the gold standard, and should strongly oppose the restoration in its old unconditional form. But *de facto* stabilisation, for a limited period and within considerably wider limits, may offer a way out. Meanwhile, we assuredly ought not to use the Exchange Equalisation Fund to support the franc, unless we can get a firm guarantee that M. Germain-Martin's policy is not France's last word, and that she is ready to agree to devaluation on terms. Even so, we should be circumspect in our support; for it is not the business of the British Government to spend public money in hopeless attempts to pull French financial chestnuts out of the fire.

MANCHURIAN DISILLUSION

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT]

THE Emperor Kang-te of Manchukuo is spending his prolonged State visit to Japan in strict accordance with the meaning of his name—tranquillity and virtue. While he reviews troops, visits temples, addresses school-children, and plays golf in unimpeachable virtue, profound tranquillity surrounds the accompanying negotiations for an economic alliance between Manchukuo and Japan. In fact, the discussions on the subject have encountered formidable difficulties. The hope that political suzerainty would automatically lead to economic exploitation has proved illusory. Since the "Manchurian Incident" of 1931 some 450 million yen (£27,000,000 at present rates) of private Japanese money has been poured into the new foster-State, and military expenditure, met by the Japanese budget, will exceed 600 million yen (£36,000,000) by the end of the present financial year. There is ample evidence that the strain of these heavy capital exports on Japan's balance of payments as well as on her money markets is being increasingly felt. A large proportion of the private investments, moreover, has found its way into unproductive channels under the ambitious guidance of the army generals who are in complete control at Hsinking. Thus the dilemma arises that past investments are altogether insufficient to develop the country industrially to a point where financial yields can be expected, while it is beyond Japan's power to supply the fresh capital needed to make previous outlay profitable.

The trouble does not end there. Considerable uneasiness has been caused in Japan by the growth of Manchurian industries directly competing with corresponding Japanese industries. Among these are the coal, iron and steel, wood pulp, cement, wheat milling, brewing, aluminium, and chemical industries, all of which have been greatly stimulated by the investment of Japanese capital. As their labour costs are even cheaper than in Japan, and they are favoured by low taxation and abundant raw materials, they have already begun to underbid their Japanese rivals. The question was recently discussed in the Tokio Diet, when the Government was urged from all sides "to check the growing evil." General Hayashi, who is Secretary for Manchukuo as well as Minister of War, replied coolly that strategic reasons demanded the development of certain industries in Manchukuo, and that interference for the benefit of Japanese industrialists was at present impracticable.

Another disappointment is the failure of the Hsinking Government to revise the Customs tariff in Japan's favour. Several changes have indeed been made, but they were calculated to increase revenue rather than to encourage imports from Japan. Here again military policy conflicts painfully with the interests of home industrialists. The difficulties are, of course, intensified by the collapse of Manchurian exports of agricultural produce, which has played havoc with the purchasing power of the farmers. But disillusionment is now extending even to the field which used to be thought beyond all doubt—the supply of raw materials to Japan. The extensive deposits of iron ore have only a small iron content, and smelting costs, on account of heavy chemical impurities, are unduly high. Manchurian coal is as unsuitable as Japanese for coking. A mere three million gallons of oil will be produced this year from Manchurian oil shale—corresponding to a third of one per cent. of Japan's annual oil consumption—and future prospects are doubtful. Attempts to plant cotton have hitherto been unsuccessful, and the Mongolian nomads remain as unconvinced as ever by Japanese pleadings that they should exchange their traditional breed of sheep, which provides good mutton and sound winter coats, for one suited to industrial use. The bitter jest now circulating in Tokio, that the only raw material abundantly available in Manchukuo is the air from which unlimited quantities of nitrogen might be produced, would not be far from the truth if there were not the exception of a large supply of timber.

Economic failure might dishearten the industrialists, but it merely encourages the military leaders to widen the scope of colonial experiment. Last month General Araki, who was War Minister at the time of the "Manchurian Incident," had a prolonged audience of the Emperor Kang-te in Tokio. He stated afterwards that "His Majesty was firmly convinced that Japanese-Manchukuoan co-operation will become a foundation stone of peace in the Far East." What exactly is meant by peace becomes clearer in the General's further statement that "the future of the Chinese people has a great bearing on the peace of the Far East." In fact, the foundation stone, already laid, is to become the stepping stone for Japan's hegemony in East Asia. Her military leaders, at least, hope to see the Manchu Emperor, whom they lifted on to the Hsinking throne, become Emperor of a China re-united under Japanese guidance.

It is being said in many Japanese speeches and articles that Japan is about to repeat the Imperial history of England. But the brief experiment of Empire-building in Manchukuo has already suggested some error in the calculation. The parallel, in fact, is altogether false, and may prove fatal. When England expanded overseas, when she carried on endless wars in all parts of the globe, when she supported even a hundred years' war in India, she had two great advantages which Japan lacks. First, her overseas engagements were widely dispersed, and defeat in one particular quarter did not endanger the whole structure. Secondly, she was then the world's workshop, and had almost unlimited markets for the products of her expanding industries. Japan, on the other hand, is putting her all on one card, and is politically isolated. Already she imports more than she exports, and cannot support her growing population even at an extremely low standard of living. Her domestic market is weakened by the long-standing depression of agriculture; her industries are artificially supported by a

vast, precarious structure of State credit. Even at this early stage of Imperialist expansion her capital reserves are strained to breaking point, and she has no hope of economic succour from anywhere except the very territories which she is trying to colonise. With her teeming abundance of population Japan may be able to bear the drain of man-power inevitably involved in the conquest and maintenance of an overseas Empire. Whether or not she will outlast the accompanying claims on her economic and financial resources is a question no historical oracle can answer.

A WEEKLY DIARY

HAVING been lately engaged in studying mediaeval theories as to epidemics, volcanic eruptions, and other portents, I am delighted to find that exactly similar views are still held by Mr. Gandhi. In Borsad, where there is much plague, the medical authorities wish to get the rats destroyed, but according to the *Times* Mr. Gandhi disapproves: "An advocate of non-violence like myself would die before killing rats. We should by strict observance, no less than by sanitation, prevent rats from breeding." He does not explain how observance would have this effect; I hope some biologist will ask him for further information. Perhaps he holds that the sins of human beings are responsible for the behaviour of rats; for last year he stated that untouchability was the reason for the earthquake in Bihar. "Calamities such as the Bihar one come to mankind as chastisement for their sins," he said; "I regard untouchability as such a grave sin as to warrant Divine chastisement." Dr. Rabindranath Tagore combated this view, but Mr. Gandhi stated that "I share the belief with the whole world, civilised and uncivilised." The West, one must infer, is not part of the world, not even an uncivilised part; for though it would have agreed with Mr. Gandhi five hundred years ago, it can now only feel an antiquarian's pleasure in such a remarkable survival from the past.

Another survival of almost extinct ways of feeling is reported in the news from Greece. Two Greek bishops—so the *Times* informs us—have become schismatic, and are to be unfrocked, because of their adherence to the Julian calendar. It is comforting to think that, in the present state of the world, there are men to whom this issue seems of supreme importance. If, however, we take man as he has appeared historically, and not merely as he is now, it must be said that the two bishops are normal, and the rest of us are eccentric. Calendars have always been associated with religion, and have roused passionate feeling. The conflict between lunar and solar methods of reckoning time was very fierce, and had the usual admixture of vested interests to exacerbate it. Protestants were very slow to admit the Gregorian reform, because of its papal origin; in Russia, nothing short of Bolshevism sufficed to secure its adoption. But now only the two schismatic bishops remain to defend the ancient cause. They must be a gallant pair, and not easily discouraged; but I shall be sorry for one of them when the other dies.

* * *

Thomas Carlyle, I find, is still regarded by some as a democrat, for when, recently, I alluded to him as a forerunner of Fascism, I received indignant protests from Scotsmen in various parts of the world. Those who knew him had no such illusions. In 1867, while Disraeli's Reform Bill was in the House of Commons, my mother's diary records a visit to him: "We found him in his dressing-gown smoking a long pipe and very miserable indeed, an old friend of his having died just lately; he worked himself quite into a frenzy against reform and the idea 'of asking all those low drunken fellows to come and vote, as if they knew anything but what could best fill their bellies.'" He had, in print, the art of saying things in a way which concealed their true purport, by wrapping them up in a cloak of moral fervour and invective against cant—a technique which was admirably suited to his age.

Having found, in a letter of the same period, an allusion to someone as "a Communist, but of the better sort," I thought it would be interesting to find out how the word was used at that time. I found a most satisfying answer in *Chambers's Encyclopaedia* "of universal knowledge for the people," published in 1868. It says of the Communists: "A knowledge of the projects of these men has fortunately of late years diminished in importance." The article on Communism distinguishes Communists from Socialists as those who, in addition to their common economic programme, "propose to abolish the relation of husband and wife, along with the system of domestic government which is founded on the parental authority." We are told that "during the French revolution of 1848 their literature was greedily examined, under a terror that the leaders of C. were to rule the destinies of France and of other nations." This period of anxiety has since been "almost forgotten," but perhaps unwisely, for "it is said that there is at this moment a powerful undercurrent of C. both in France and in Germany, ready to burst forth upon the world when an opportunity comes; but it may be hoped that the progress continually making in general intelligence, and a knowledge of economic laws, will avert such a calamity." Happy age! Which of us now believes in the "progress continually making" either in intelligence or in knowledge of economics? The author, moreover, is admirably free from national bias. "Although," he warns us, "we usually consider C. an especially French fallacy, the first consistent practical teacher of it was our own countryman, Robert Owen." What he finds most objectionable in Robert Owen, somewhat surprisingly, is the doctrine that education moulds character.

* * *

I wonder which of the doctrines now "almost forgotten" will be governing a great State and shaking the whole world seventy years hence. It is difficult to think of anything (not already in power) that seems to us as foolish as "C." seemed to Mr. Chambers in 1868. There is, however, one possibility which seems not wholly unlikely. "Knowledge of economic laws" has not prevented States from thinking that they ought to export more than they import, though, hitherto, they have not all succeeded in doing so. Perhaps the "progress in general intelligence" will in time suggest the only way by which this universally desired end can be achieved, namely an immense increase of shipwrecks. Perhaps we shall have international agreements by which every country will undertake that 10 per cent. of the vessels leaving its ports shall sink, and that no attempt shall be made to salvage their cargoes. Then we can all simultaneously have a "favourable" balance of trade. Wrecks must, of course, occur in sight of an international patrol boat, which shall have the right to pick up the sailors.

* * *

The American Constitution is a marvellous weapon for retarding political progress. The Supreme Court's decision that the N.R.A. is unconstitutional is comparable in importance to the Dred Scott decision, which made the Civil War inevitable. Every nation has some myth by means of which it preserves its contentment; the American myth is that legislative power belongs to a majority of the now living citizens of the United States. As a matter of fact, it is difficult to say where the legislative power does reside. If we suppose that the Supreme Court is never biased in its decisions, but always guided solely by the letter of the Constitution, the law, so far as the Constitution decides it, was made by the citizens who were alive in 1787, and has required, since then, the support of only about a third of the voters, since this number is likely to suffice to defeat a constitutional amendment. If, however, we take the view—to my mind more in accordance with the evidence—that high legal tribunals, everywhere, decide in accordance with the interests of the class to which the judges belong, the situation is far worse, since the rich can defeat any law which is thought to threaten their interests. The Constitution, as Charles A. Beard has shown, was originally

framed in the interests of the rich, and was so ably drawn up as to oppose legal obstacles to all attempts at legislative interference with the plutocracy, which, consequently, has been able to endure without discomfort the existence of nominal democracy.

It is curious that a vigorous nation should submit so tamely to the dictatorship of a few old men. The fact is that the United States, throughout its history, has been haunted by the fear of anarchy, and by a religious respect for the Law, which was enhanced by the prevalence of individual law-breaking. First the French Revolution, then the influx of foreign immigrants, and now the supposed subversive activities of the Reds, have been skilfully used to produce panics by which the rich have profited.

But perhaps this time they have overreached themselves. From now on any failure of recovery can be attributed to the Supreme Court, not to defects in the President's policy. If he cares to fight vigorously, he can probably win—but only after a first-class contest lasting several years. America is in a Radical mood, and the President's danger has been lest he should appear too moderate. His reactionary opponents have now provided him with the opportunity to remain the leader of progressive opinion.

BERTRAND RUSSELL

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to Mr. M. M. Russell.
All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

While sex prejudice still exists in other departments, there is no trace of it in Somerset House. There is complete equality between the sexes, except in pay.—*Sunday Express*

Dogs are following the fashion set by their mistresses and becoming streamlined.—*News Chronicle.*

BEETLES IN COURT
WITNESS THINKS SPECIMENS ARE FATHER AND SON
BARONET SUED
Dispute over Country House Tenancy
—*Star*

In my opinion parents should whip their children until they leave home. The hand until they are eight years old, the strap until eleven, the birch or cane until sixteen, and a leather whip after sixteen.—Letter in *West London Observer.*

At an inquest on Tuesday on —— a decorative furnisher, who was found hanging on Sunday in the bathroom of his flat at Hove . . . Dr. Howse (the Coroner) said: "If everyone adopted this method there would soon be no one left in the world."—*Evening News.*

There is something in the blood flow and the make up of Britons which must give us an ascendency in any sport, if our representatives are wisely chosen and properly trained.—*Evening News.*

A defence of staghunting was made by Mr. Harold Broadmead, of Emmore Castle, at the annual meeting of the Quantock Staghounds, which was held on Saturday afternoon at the Castle Hotel, Taunton. After mentioning that he had had to lay down eight miles of wire fencing on his estate to protect his coverts from damage by deer, Mr. Broadmead said: "If you didn't hunt the deer would all soon be killed. They would be killed everywhere—and killed in a very brutal manner, and, personally, I should be very sorry to see it. I like to see the deer, and to know there are so many good sportsmen having fun with the deer."—*Somerset County Gazette.*

So successful has the Public School system of education been in producing men who are anxious to give the world unselfish service that it might be assumed that the segregation common to our Public School system is all that St. James meant when he used the words "unspotted from the world."—The Headmaster of Felstead School in a University sermon, *Cambridge Review.*

When God wants a hard thing done, He tells it to his Englishmen.—From the *Anthology of Empire.*

A summons under the Public Health Act alleging that he gave toy windmills to children in exchange for jam-jars was brought against Eric Pemberton, a dealer, at Windsor to-day. He wrote that he was giving white mice as well as windmills and that he usually gave goldfish but had been unable to obtain a fresh supply. The summons was dismissed under the Probation of Offenders Act.
—*Evening Standard*

THREE RESTRICTION SCHEMES

WE are all planners nowadays, though the comprehensive term brings together strange bedfellows. To the student of economic affairs perhaps the most entertaining spectacle is that provided by many of our company chairmen proclaiming loudly in the name of planned economy and the new restriction schemes, the end of *laissez faire* and the close of "the era of the jungle." The discovery that financial interests connected with the tin control have been involved in the recent abortive attempts to corner the market in shellac and pepper has drawn attention, however, to other aspects of these efforts to end the regime of barbaric natural selection in the economic world.

Within the past few years schemes have been set on foot for regulating the output of three commodities, tea, rubber and tin, in which the British investor has a primary interest. As far as British participation goes, the Government, or rather the Colonial Office, has been, if not the father, the zealous midwife to these offspring of the restrictionist mind. Unlike the crop-reducing plans of the American Agricultural Adjustment Administration, which have secured acceptance through sheer weight of the direct pecuniary inducements offered as well as the prospect of higher prices, these schemes have sprung from the producers themselves who have looked for their gains to the price advantage alone. They have been sponsored in each case by the most prominent financial groups who have convinced the majority of organised producers and have induced the governments co icerned to administer the plan and to override recalcitrant minorities by making adherence compulsory.

The three schemes are conveniently dealt with together. Firstly, because they possess a number of characteristics in common which has enabled the formidable obstacles to international agreement to be overcome—at least for the present; and secondly, because they illustrate in so clear a manner that he who runs may read, the costs which the community pays for the existing private ownership and operation of the world's primary materials.

All three are chiefly "company" products. They are produced by a relatively small number of concerns owned and managed by foreigners and organised in Chambers of Mines and Rubber Committees and so on. This has enormously facilitated collusion. Natives, of course, work the mines and estates, but their interests, to put it mildly, have never been regarded as the first claim when measures such as restricting the output of tin by 60 per cent., for example, have been adopted as desirable. That is, they are colonial products, and the employment problem is well removed from domestic European shores. Control over output is shared to an overwhelming extent by the two oldest Imperial powers, Great Britain and the Netherlands. Between them these two are responsible for about seven-eighths of the tea, three-quarters of the tin, and about nine-tenths of all the rubber produced in the world. At once, therefore, the chief problem of agreement is between but a couple of parties, each important and together dominant in the world output of the commodities concerned. In spite of this, mutual accommodation was unknown till recent years—as witness the dismal history of the all-British Stevenson Rubber Restriction Scheme which collapsed ignominiously in 1928. Again, though the margin between high and low cost producers within each country is wide enough, there are no great international cost differences. Last, but by no means least, each is primarily an export product. The advantages secured by higher prices are solely at

the expense of the foreign purchaser. Now tea is consumed chiefly in this country, which is also by no means a negligible customer for tin and rubber. But the centres of production are distant, and the price-raising schemes have for this reason, till now, aroused much less opposition than even one of Mr. Elliot's minor efforts. More important still is the fact that the United States is far and away the chief consumer of rubber and tin. It is hardly surprising that the schemes are regarded there as a British-cum-Dutch conspiracy to extort monopoly profits from what are probably the only two essential raw materials in which the United States is deficient.

Such are the conditions which have smoothed the thorny path to agreement. The immediate stimulus urging the producers to take the road was, of course, the enormous fall in prices during the depression and the piling up of huge stocks as demand fell off faster than production. To a large extent the crisis was intensified by the fantastic levels to which prices had been sent in the preceding boom. Rubber at two to three shillings per pound, and tin at nearly £300 a ton had induced enormous investments in mines and estates which could only be run profitably as long as these inflated prices ruled. Productive capacity in the tin industry is at present estimated at twice the volume of current demand. The case of rubber is, if possible, even worse. Trees take from six to nine years to come to maturity. Hence, planting stimulated in the hectic boom-days only began to affect the market when the bottom had been blown out of "prosperity," and it was essential to cut output down. Tea fared rather differently in that consumption, far from declining, increased substantially during the depression. But supplies outstripped even this expansion, and prices by 1931 had been brought to only half the level of 1927. Reduction of output was essential, and in all cases "marginal" producers who should have been squeezed out resolutely refused to be squeezed. In fact, many increased production so as to make up in quantity what was lost by the fall in unit values. Prices therefore slumped to levels threatening bankruptcy to all but the most efficient producers. *They* agreed to restriction, albeit not without a struggle, because of the prospect that the margin between possible prices and their extremely low costs would yield them larger profits in spite of curtailed output. The less efficient needed no convincing that control was the only alternative to a slow and lingering demise.

Each scheme was organised on a similar basis. An International Committee of government delegates, with producers and occasionally consumers represented in an "advisory" capacity, was set up to regulate production. This it did by determining on the percentage of a certain basic quota which was to be permitted in any particular period. The thorniest problems were, of course, encountered in the original distribution of this standard quota amongst the various co-operating countries. Agreement has been reached, but a residue of discontent remains which is plastered over by the universal bounty of the schemes at present, but may well break forth when less honeyed days are reached.

The tea scheme which began in April, 1933, has been the most moderate, both in method and in achievement. Restriction has not been enforced at a greater rate than 15 per cent. of the standard quota, though prices have been raised by 50 per cent. on the 1931 level. Nevertheless, all is not well in the tea world. Prices for a considerable period have been sagging ominously. Consumption, far from increasing, seems somewhat on the down grade. Areas outside the scheme—China, Japan and Formosa—are increasing output at an alarming rate, and seem likely to counteract the benefits of the higher restriction decided on for this year.

Rubber control, though more striking in its results, has proved a knottier problem for the authorities. Anticipation of the scheme was sufficient to send prices soaring 50 per cent. in six months. Its actual operation has had no further visible result up to now. Unlike tea, rubber finds its chief outlet in the United States, which absorbs over half of the total production. The beginning of the scheme last summer coincided with a set-back in American business which continued during the rest of the year. Rubber consumption declined, stocks increased and prices fell in spite of a restriction rate which increased to 30 per cent. by the end of the year. Difficulties were experienced by the Dutch authorities in controlling native shipments from the East Indies, which had expanded under the stimulus of the upward trend in prices, and attempts to enforce the regulations led to unrest and risings in the native quarters. This automatic reaction of native output to higher prices constitutes a kind of *laisser faire* reflex which hits the arch-restrictionists whenever they attempt to screw the market excessively. Another and by no means negligible check is the increased use of reclaimed rubber, especially in the United States. The memory of 1929, when the American proportion of reclaimed to crude rubber consumed rose to 50 per cent., should serve to damp the ardour of those who look to a price almost double that of the present.

Tin restriction is the oldest of all, and dates from 1931. By cutting down output, for long periods to only one-third of capacity, prices in 1933 had been brought to double their original level. Production in the past year has been allowed to increase, but, as if ungrateful, consumption has fallen off distinctly. This in spite of an increase in the activity of tin-using industries. But prices in 1934 were higher even than those of 1927, and the conclusion is inescapable that consumers are winning in their efforts to discover substitutes for tin. Meanwhile, production in non-restricting areas has advanced rapidly. A provision in the new agreement signed in 1933 gives participants the right of secession should outside production exceed 25 per cent. of total world supplies. Last year, therefore, strenuous efforts were made to incorporate the independents. Success was finally achieved, but only at the cost of granting them fixed quotas (*i.e.*, outside the restrictive provisions covering the original adherents) increasing overtime and on a most generous scale. This is "restriction" in a new light. In order to circumvent the secession clause, outside producers are literally bribed to offer formal allegiance to the scheme by being given the right to expand almost literally as fast as they can. The arrangement has by no means met with the approval of all the producers, especially in Malaya, which has suffered the severest curtailment under the scheme and has the additional grievance of possessing the lowest cost areas in the world.

But this grievance of low-cost producers is inherent in all schemes, the basis of which is uniform restriction irrespective of efficiency. Since the war, scientific development has revolutionised the technique of all three industries examined. Costs of production on the most efficient rubber estates amount to-day to little more than 2*d.* a pound and world demand could be adequately satisfied at a price well under 4*d.*, if only the best areas were fully used. The Eastern alluvial tin producers could supply world requirements at no more than £100 a ton were they allowed to use their plant to capacity. At present over one-half of the industry is immobilised. Malayan alluvial concerns are compelled to produce at the same rate as the Bolivian mines whose costs are from four to eight times as high. Surely this is an absurdity comparable in capitalist annals to the dumping of coffee in the sea and the use of wheat for stoking engines?

In fact, of course, academic economic relations have become inoperative. "The lore of nicely calculated less or more" has broken down demonstrably in the field of raw material supplies. Increasing prices lead to over-equipment, falling prices are not followed by the bankruptcy of the most inefficient and a new equilibrium, but by impoverishment all round and a final liquidation much in excess of what is necessary in the long run. If it is argued, as Mr. Rowe has done in a recent broadcast talk, that the only alternative to tin control and a mulcting of the consumer is to see prices fluctuating violently between £50 and £300 a ton, one may well be tempted to answer "a plague on both your alternatives." A third way remains, which, needless to say, hardly enters the arena of the *laisser faire* versus restriction combat. It may be decried as Utopian

to suggest that the only rational alternative to the existing muddle is the Socialist control of essential raw materials on an international scale. It is nevertheless true. S. G.

APPETITE

A BITTER cry has recently gone up from thwarted ice-cream-lovers in the columns of the most dignified and authoritative of English newspapers. It appears that in England at the present time, even though you may be a millionaire, if you are in an ordinary restaurant and want to eat an ice, you will be allowed no choice except between a strawberry and a vanilla. Resentment against this poverty of selection has apparently been simmering in the best circles for some time past. Those who have travelled abroad and eaten in restaurants where the list of ices was so long that it was almost a feast to read it and re-read it, have been wondering for a generation and more why in this matter England lags so disgracefully behind. They are all the more bitter because nearly everybody above the age of a child hates the flavour of vanilla. There are certain flavours and foods that seem to be forced on us, as if a harsh destiny and not our own taste drew up the menu. The boiled cabbage of England, for example, has often made the foreign visitor groan in despair, and led him to the conclusion that it was on the menu because the Englishman liked it. Americans, bewildered, often ask one to explain the English passion for boiled cabbage. As a matter of fact, every Englishman worthy of the name, loathes boiled cabbage. A few people welcome its appearance on the table under the mistaken impression that it will do them good, but even they loathe it. The others loathe it still more because they realise that it is an unpalatable and lifeless mess that could do no one any good, and that is merely served as a lazy substitute for a vegetable that might do them good. I am not, I may say, suggesting that a cabbage in the infant stage is without virtue, or that cabbage may not be happily, even idyllically, mated to boiled bacon. I am speaking of the boiled cabbage that is served in triangles in so many restaurants as the divinely appointed vegetable. This is the abomination of abominations which, so to speak, hangs round the neck of the hungry Englishman like a millstone. Who first thrust it upon the tables of a reluctant nation, no one can tell; but I suspect that it was the daily cabbage that accounted for the irascible appearance of the old-fashioned John Bull. Everyone remembers how angry John Bull used to look in the cartoons: that, we may now presume, was the effect produced by an odious diet on a noble but inarticulate animal. In our own time, however, as has recently been pointed out, the old *noli-me-tangere* John Bull has disappeared, and his place has been taken by the all-enduring Little Man. This I take to be evidence that the spirit of John Bull has been at last broken and I am convinced that what broke it was a diet of eternal boiled cabbage. John Bull, who once could challenge the world to arms, is now turned into a resigned little householder who dare not challenge the chef of a city restaurant.

Is the Little Man wise in this? Is his resignation a proof that he is a weakling or that he is a philosopher? It is obvious that, if boiled cabbage is as inescapable as the change of the seasons or as April rain, he does well to accept it in a spirit of meekness. On the other hand, if it is a disease that can be stamped out like smallpox, how foolish seems the good-natured complacency with which he endures it! In my opinion, the Little Man ought at least to consider whether something cannot be done about it. After all, Mr. Walter Elliot, who has to obey the Little Man's orders, can prevent people from growing any crop he dislikes. He can prosecute you for growing wheat or beetroot or runner beans. Why should Mr. Elliot hesitate to become the most popular man in England by putting a ban on the cultivation or importation of cabbages? The step has never yet been thought of, but a National Government can afford to do lots of things that have never yet been thought of. What the nation longs for is a New Deal for the dinner-table. So long as cooks can obtain cabbages, they will cook cabbages. Hence, any statesman with an ounce of imagination would conclude that the growth of cabbages must be stopped. A democracy should be allowed to eat the food it wants to eat, and it can never do this while cooks are led into temptation by a superabundance of cabbages.

I should like to see the Food and Wine Society inaugurating a campaign for abolishing all the foods and flavours that everybody dislikes. As a child, I disliked the flavour of aniseed, and all the children I knew also disliked it. But we ate sweets flavoured with aniseed. We ate them on the understanding that we were meant by Nature to eat them. They were the boiled cabbage of the sweet-shop. Many children have the same antipathy to seed-cake, but they go on eating it. I do not share the antipathy—I hold that a really good seed-cake is greatly superior to the Genoa cake of the tea-shops—but, for the sake of others, I am willing to see seed-cake abolished. The parsnip, again, is an article of food of which in the course of fifty years I have met only one defender. Rabbit has the advantage of being cheap, but how many English homes would be brightened at meal-times by the extermination of the rabbit! As for cod and hake, their banishment from the table would be an occasion of national rejoicing. Mineral waters, except those of the finest quality, should undoubtedly be prohibited. Human beings cannot help drinking them, because they idealise anything that comes out of a bottle; but what more disagreeable memory could anyone have than a bottle of Bank Holiday ginger ale? Among stronger drinks I think I should suppress the Manhattan cocktail. People drink it simply because it has a name that is easy to remember; but how sorry they are to have asked for it as soon as they take the first sip!

As for the vanilla and strawberry ices against which the clergy and the laity are protesting so bitterly in the *Times*, I fancy the real cause of grievance is that they should be offered anything with so tedious a flavour as vanilla. Everybody would be perfectly happy if there were only one ice in the world, and that strawberry. It is charming both in colour and in flavour. To be offered vanilla as an alternative, however, is simply irritating. It suggests that one has a real variety of choice, whereas there is no choice. Besides, the sight of the word "vanilla" on a menu kills the appetite of many people for ices. It associates ices with unpleasant flavours, and even a strawberry ice does not taste so well after one has been offered a vanilla. The Automobile Association would do a good turn to its members if it refused to give a star to any hotel that had vanilla ices on its menu. Desperate diseases call for desperate remedies and the vanilla ice is a desperate disease.

I am not sure, however, that matters would be improved if a suggestion made by a clergyman were adopted and an ice flavoured with brown bread were substituted for the vanilla. I fancy that either this clergyman must have sentimental memories of some feast of his boyhood or that he is a man who takes an ascetic view of life and would like to see ice-eating turned into a penance. It is easy to imagine a monk in a hair shirt sitting down to a brown-bread ice and consoling himself with the reflection that it is doing his soul good. Most of us eat ices, however, not for the soul's sake, but for the body's, and the body prefers to take its brown bread with oysters.

But who really cares about these things? The very young can eat anything that looks like an ice, and can eat it with rapture. The old should be above worrying about what they eat apart from the vitamins it contains. I fear, however, that all the recent moaning about ices came from the mouths of old and middle-aged men. This is the more surprising since one seldom sees white hairs responding to the invitation of the "Stop Me and Buy One" ice-cream carts. Never yet have I seen an elderly archdeacon raising his hand, half in blessing and half in summons, to a passing ice-cream boy. "Stop Me and Buy One" is an invitation issued in vain to city magnates. Yet it is apparently in circles such as these that

the passion for ice-eating is strongest. You will never hear the cry, "Down with vanilla!" in a playground full of children. Mix with the old men of Mayfair, however, and you will find the slogan, "Down with vanilla!" passing from lip to lip in rebellious mutterings which must surely one day lead to a revolution in the restaurants. There is a great deal of talk about modern youth; but modern age, too, has its dreams. One of those dreams is of a world set free from vanilla ices. *Delenda est vanilla!* It is the Catos of our day who have said it.

Y. Y.

LONDONDERRY AIR

BELIEVE me, your lordships, I view with alarm
The force of our friends on the Rhine,
And I pledge that no nation's aërial arm
Shall be longer or stronger than mine.
If surprised by a strictly unspecified foe
We should count it no less than disgrace
That our country one jot of protection should owe
To a kind of collective embrace.

Is Britain an eagle contented to mew
While others are arming to fly?
While the neighbouring Powers their puissance renew
And fight for her place in the sky?
Our national safety is merely pretence
If squadrons of bombers we lack,
Assembled alone for protective defence
Or at need for defensive attack.

So now to the armament race we return
Which your lordships need never regret;
Disarmament's case I've not troubled to learn
And shall be at no pains to forget.
Let Socialist pacifists carp as they please,
For the new Armageddon prepare!
Britannia, alannah, the queen of the seas,
Sure I'll make you the queen of the air!

SAGITTARIUS

Correspondence

THE COLLECTIVE SYSTEM

SIR,—Commander Ross says in his letter of last week that he is "waiting for the League of Nations Union to speak in one voice and to talk sense before he can join it." He joined the Navy and "took part in the war that produced the Covenant." Will he not join the Union and take part in the struggle to make the Covenant effective? From inside the Union he will have more control over its voice and may help it to talk sense, or what he regards as sense.

There is, to my thinking, much good sense in his complaint about the feebleness of the collective system in Europe to-day as well as about the ambiguity of our British attitude towards it. If anyone doubts the ambiguity let him ponder the difference in tone between Mr. Baldwin and Lord Londonderry in their simultaneous replies to Herr Hitler's Thirteen-Point speech.

But is it sense to deny, as Commander Ross denies, that Britain has played a great—or even the greatest—part in building up the collective system, such as it is? Look at the parts played by Lord Cecil and General Smuts in the making of the Covenant; by Sir Eric Drummond in creating the League's secretariat; by Mr. Lloyd George and Dr. H. A. L. Fisher in arresting the invasion of Albania by Jugoslavia in 1921; by Mr. Baldwin and Lord Cecil in assisting Italy out of Corfu in 1923; by Mr. Arthur Henderson in initiating a wide extension of the compulsory jurisdiction of the Permanent Court of International Justice in 1929/30; or by Mr. Eden in composing the differences between Jugoslavia and Hungary in December, 1934, and in (at least) deferring hostilities between Italy and Abyssinia in May, 1935. This is a noble record, albeit marred by the absence of equally firm British leadership at Geneva in the autumn of 1931 (Manchuria) and in the spring of 1932 (Disarmament).

Neither can I agree with Commander Ross in thinking that a Tribunal in Equity, empowered not merely to advise, but actually to decide upon the revision of treaties, is a "really useful, politically attainable, aim"; or that, until the collective peace system has become—*per saltum*—thoroughly reliable, the interests of security are best served by unlimited competition in armaments.

21 Well Walk, N.W.3. MAXWELL GARNETT

THE CASE FOR LABOUR

SIR,—Professor Laski, in reviewing Major Attlee's and Mr. Arthur Henderson's books on Labour's policy, says he thinks they ought to answer the question of "how far the leaders of the Labour Party are assured that their opponents are committed to constitutionalism, and the grounds of this assurance." Surely the Party's policy is clear on the point, and it is expounded by Major Attlee (and Dr. Dalton) in his book: The Labour Party will seek power by constitutional means, and it will wield power by constitutional means. If our opponents ever attempt to sabotage the will of the people, as expressed through a duly elected Labour majority in the House of Commons, the Labour Government will not hesitate to assume any emergency powers necessary to crush illegal opposition. What more does Professor Laski want?

"The margin between their (the Labour leaders') ideals and the facts of the world situation to-day are uncomfortably wide." In one sense that is true, and a good thing too—Socialism in this country would be in a bad way if the ideals of our leaders were not poles apart from the present-day world of capitalism riding for a fall through Fascism and the preparation for war.

But in another sense it is not only untrue but incongruous for Professor Laski, whose great contributions to the Labour movement have been of an academic rather than a practical character, to accuse of lack of realism a man like Mr. Henderson, who has had forty years of the rough and tumble of politics, and was one of the most successful Foreign Secretaries of modern times.

Professor Laski's remarks about Mr. Henderson's book are misleading. He suggests that it does not face up to the problems created by the attitude of Germany and Japan and the rise of Fascism generally. On the contrary, that is precisely what the book does do: pp. 84–86 clinch a long argument on regional agreements by a condensed but bold and clear programme for making a new start within the League by forming a strong peace group of nations, based not only on pooled defence, but on joint economic and social policies and a common political ideal. It is suggested that the nucleus of that group should consist of the surviving European democracies and the Soviet Union. That seems to me a realistic policy for the present situation!

The book expounds Labour's doctrine of an over-riding peace loyalty in such a way as to make it the duty of all good citizens to refuse to work or to fight or to pay taxes for a Government which in their judgment had abandoned the Covenant and was dragging them into war through its reversion to international anarchy and power politics. I should have thought that, too, was both realistic and appropriate to the present situation!

What foreign policy would Professor Laski suggest for the Labour Party?

R. WILLIAMS

CZECHOSLOVAKIAN ELECTIONS

SIR,—It seems to me that the elections in Czechoslovakia of the 1st and 26th May have been remarkable for more than one reason. The balance between the Czech and Slovak parties has remained practically undisturbed, the democratic and constitutional parties have not only a large majority, but the Fascist National Union polled comparatively few votes in the elections for the Senate and the House of Representatives, and in the elections for the country diets one week later actually lost some. And all this, although Herr Henlein's German Nazi party won more votes than any other party in Czechoslovakia, completely wiped out most of the German parties, and took half the German Socialists' seats—facts which in the circumstances might, one would have thought, have weakened the Czech parties striving for union with the German minority.

Herr Henlein's Sudetendeutsche Partei, a thinly-veiled Nazi party subsidised from Germany, has come very near *Totalität* as far as the German population is concerned, in a country where the many-party system has been established for years. The German population of Czechoslovakia did not have to suffer from the repercussions of the Versailles Treaty in respect of reparations, military occupation, monetary inflation or disaffiliation from Germany, to which it had never belonged. Nor did it have to submit

to one-sided propaganda and intimidation such as are usual under dictatorship: the elections were held with a scrupulous observance of liberty and secrecy on the part of the authorities. Even allowing for the economic depression, which hit the highly industrialised German parts of Czechoslovakia hardest, these facts make the results of the elections very hard to understand, particularly if one knows the truth of Dr. Dalton's statement in the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, that after years of Czech-German coalition government the "national minorities are better treated than minorities elsewhere, and much better than minorities under dictatorships."

The easy and sweeping success in a democratic country of a new party without record, and with a programme the chief slogans of which are the *Führerprinzip* and "Things must be altered," drives one to the reluctant conclusion, fortified by the events in the Saar and to a lesser extent in Danzig, that neither the Versailles Treaty nor the other humiliations and blunders of the post-war period are responsible for the present state of mind of the German nation to the extent which is sometimes claimed. In Czechoslovakia the achievement of *Totalität*—if that were possible—would involve the suppression of its advocates (the minorities, of which the Germans are one). Consequently its acceptance there as a principle by the German population leads one to believe that the German peoples of Central Europe are not fighting for any purely economic or political issue, but for an irrational and imperialistic vision. This seems to lead to the further inevitable conclusion that no economic or political concession, no admission of German equality in the sphere of international affairs—that in fact nothing short of the realisation of Herren Hitler's and Rosenberg's vision—will really satisfy the Germans in their present state of mind. A CZECHOSLOVAKIAN SOCIALIST

Prague,
June 3rd.

RIBBON DEVELOPMENT

SIR,—The public is not alive to the importance of the issues raised by the anti-ribbon development Bill.

The causes of ribbon development are the same causes that have led to the congestion of cities for ribbon development is nothing but the initial stage of city congestion. The main cause is the difficulty of paying the claims for compensation put forward by dispossessed landowners and this is the most important issue in the present Bill.

It is of vital importance to society because unemployment, which is often attributed to the use of machinery, may quite as reasonably in these days be attributed to its scarcity, and this is due to the great expense of machinery made in congested cities.

It is difficult to get the question of compensation raised, and efforts are being made to stifle discussion on this occasion even at the cost to its opponents of passing this Bill. It will be remembered that Lord Snowden's proposals for a valuation of the land of England, which would have rendered cases of compensation easy to handle, were similarly passed without debate to be afterwards dropped. It is to be hoped, therefore, that the House of Commons will not allow itself to be bluffed into silence, but will refuse to pass the Bill until a basis of compensation is found which will cause it to be effective. W. DRURY,

Binstead Rectory, Chairman,
Arundel, Sussex. English Linear Cities Assn.

THE HOUSING BILL

SIR,—During the passage of this Bill through the House of Commons, criticism of the definition of overcrowding has been mainly directed at the failure to exclude living rooms in measuring the permissible occupancy of a house. This definition is, I think, open to a much more serious objection. It perpetuates the time-honoured practice of differentiating between adults and children, so that no account is to be taken of a child under one year old and a child from one to ten years of age is to be reckoned as half a unit.

The administrative inconvenience of this measure of occupancy is obvious. It further complicates an already complex system of assessing the permissible number of persons per house. What is more important, it has no scientific justification. Presumably the object of preventing overcrowding is mainly the promotion of the public health. The practice of counting a child half an adult came into vogue when preventive medicine was influenced by the idea that the evil effects of overcrowding arose from air-starvation, and that a child naturally needed less air than a full-grown person. For long, however, evidence has been accumulating to show that the most clearly demonstrable effect on health of overcrowding within houses is the greater opportunity it affords for the spread of infection. The question is dealt with in detail and with great statistical skill in the latest Annual Statistical Review of the Registrar General, the text of which was issued when the Bill was in Committee. The daily press (with the notable exception of the *Times*) gave prominence to the passages of the Review which emphasised the association of overcrowding with a high mortality, especially in the young, from the infectious diseases of the respiratory system, a group of diseases which accounts for more deaths in towns than any other; but I have not noticed that the unreason of a legal provision which allows children to be more crowded than adults has received attention. In practice it may be necessary for a penal standard of overcrowding to be low, but there appears to be little excuse for including terms in it which increase administrative complexity and are, at the same time, scientifically indefensible.

RALPH M. F. PICKEN

The Welsh National School of Medicine,
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COLOUR AND THE COMMONWEALTH

SIR,—It is regrettable that the ironic urbanity appropriate to expressions of disagreement between pundits who breathe in common the air of the courts of All Souls should have clothed the trenchant pertinence of Mr. W. R. Macmillan's criticisms of the moral astigmatism of the "Round Table" group in respect to the native factor in African life in a cryptic allusiveness, perspicuous enough to the two or three score of English people who have watched the case of Africa long enough, but probably not so instructive as they might have been to the majority of your readers.

It may perhaps have seemed to some of them a rather curious proceeding on Mr. Lionel Curtis's part that he should have diversified the agenda of the Empire Press Conferences in South Africa with a spirited effort to Jameson Raid the Protectorates into the Union by rounding up the entire mob behind General Hertzog in his pending approach to Mr. Thomas upon that subject. Fortunately Mr. Thomas was not stampeded; the compromise arrived at, under circumstances recklessly made more difficult for him by Mr. Curtis' incornuation, is one up to his credit. But the episode no more surprised those familiar with the Round Table group psychology than Mr. Merdle's suicide surprised Mr. Merdle's brother.

How pleased would Mr. Curtis have been at the unification of Palestine by the making of friends between Pontius Pilate and Herod! He is so intoxicated by the spectacle of coalition between General Hertzog and General Smuts that he not only blinks at the well-known fraudulence of the promised Native Land renovations (unless made at the expense of the Bechuanaland Protectorate territory), but watches without a qualm the bubbles rising from the jettisoned sack of the Cape Native Franchise. Sew up the mouth of the wound and trust to the healthy granulation of South African white skin tissue to absorb the ulcer beneath!

Fortunately, as Mr. Macmillan assures us, young South African politicians are beginning to find their eyesight, and to see African natives not under the form of an abstraction or problem, but as persons of human qualities embodying the dangerous common ferments of the senses, and that their "problems" can only be solved in the manner that the problem of slavery was dealt with 100 years ago, namely by the Europeans who *can* so see them making no truck with those who cannot. They may not be able to make very rapid ostensible progress by such intransigences, but they will make none by selling those still free into deeper slavery in order to conciliate their oppressors.

Even if it may appear safe to assume that God can be mocked, it is certain that the emerging African is not going to be.

Old Hall, Ramsden, Charlbury. OLIVIER

HEALTH INSURANCE DOCTORING

SIR,—The Panel System is all right, so far as it goes. It supplies people with bottles of medicine, sickness certificates, quite a number of more or less accurate diagnoses. But it does not go nearly far enough. It does not provide facilities for bacteriological and biochemical investigation, X-Ray examination, or any sort of specialist services. Those, if obtained by the panel patient, are provided independently of the Panel System.

In this district, for instance, the hospital is kept going to a very considerable extent by the weekly contributions of work people, themselves insured. At the hospital all sorts of diagnostic investigations are carried out, and treatment given. But how do insured people fare in districts where there is no hospital, where there are no facilities whereby they may help themselves?

Then the obtaining of money benefit during sickness is by no means certain. There are all sorts of obstacles. Some of the societies have a merry little way of withholding money benefit "pending inquiries," quite irrespective of the insured person's pressing needs. I have been pulling the tail of one big society this week on behalf of a sick man who was clearly entitled to sick pay which was not forthcoming. I have in my time been compelled to lend to a sick insured person the price of the Sunday dinner, owing to delay on the part of the society in paying up. I have wondered often whether official people have any idea of the hardships caused by the unexpected withholding of a few shillings from a poor person.

There are persons in authority who seem very suspicious of insured persons and panel doctors. Maybe they are justified. But I, for one, am still restive before the activities of Regional Medical Officers—the policemen of the Service. I grow fretful when my insured persons are called up for examination by the R.M.O., for I have the feeling (perhaps unreasonable) that I who know the history, the home and working conditions, of the insured person, am in a better position to give an opinion as to his or her fitness for work than a man whose opinion is formed on no more than a single interview fortified by my brief written report. But his opinion goes: mine does not. True, the insured person can appeal; but pending the hearing of the appeal his sickness benefit will be withheld.

And, while in theory any remedies are available for sick insured persons, the panel doctor prescribes freely at his peril. He will be interviewed by the Regional Medical Officer; and if he be deemed extravagant he is liable to a severe fine. There was once a panel doctor who for treating his panel patients really well, and being commended officially for his splendid ideals, was fined £100. I wonder whether Dr. Harry Roberts remembers that odd episode!

Oh yes, the Panel System is all right so far as it goes, but it goes such a pathetically little way. FRANK G. LAYTON

Walsall.

YOUNG MEN'S RALLY

SIR,—I was much interested in John Van Druten's article on "Young Men's Rally" in your last issue as I also have recently made my first peace-time acquaintance with the Y.M.C.A.

Finding myself last winter in a small country town, a stronghold of reaction where political activity is almost at a standstill and practically the only form of mental activity is supplied by the usual literary society, I was pleased to see announced a series of lectures on international affairs at the local Y.M.C.A.

The lectures themselves were of the most elementary kind, quite unnecessary to any diligent newspaper reader, and the questions asked after each lecture made me grieve to think how few of those present seemed to read newspapers at all.

After each lecture, when the lecturer had gone some of us would remain behind and continue whatever discussion had arisen, and in this way I obtained a fairly good idea of the Y.M.C.A. to-day.

The whole position has been aptly put by Mr. Van Druten in what he calls "the C. in Y.M.C.A.," because whenever I mentioned the needs of the world to-day, members always brought out such phrases as "Christian politics," "Christian Socialism," and even "Christian Communism"! And whatever desire for action was expressed, such action had to be founded on the Christian doctrine: meaning the orthodox doctrine that our educational system presents us with to-day.

The fact that there might exist a political party trying to put such a doctrine into practical politics was never considered; in fact, political parties as such were never mentioned.

I soon found discussion on these lines very irritating and concluded that there was no real desire for any change in our economic system to-day and that in their approach to this subject they were not realists.

There can, however, be no doubt at all that the Y.M.C.A. does much good.

To the young man, especially if he is a stranger, it offers a very warm welcome, plenty of healthy recreation in the way of tennis, cricket, etc., and all that makes for social companionship, if he asks for nothing more. But acting as it seems to me it does, on the assumption that things are best as they are and discouraging the exploration of all modern intellectual thought, it gives him little or no guidance in approaching the problems that face him as a citizen of the world.

My only other acquaintance with the Y.M.C.A. was during the war when I must confess that the "C in Y.M.C.A." made many of us prefer a cup of tea and a short spell of sanity in the Salvation Army Hut to one in the Y.M.C.A.

No doubt it can be argued that emphasising the "C in Y.M.C.A." is its proper function. Well, that is not a matter for

BOANERGES

ITALY TO-DAY

SIR,—The interesting article on Italy by Mr. Potter, published in your issue of April 20th, impels me to send you my own impressions after a few weeks recently spent in Northern Italy. I stayed in a remote part of Lombardy far away from big towns and particularly devoid of foreigners—occasional tourists all turned out to be Germans. I had not been to Italy for thirty years and I was struck by the remarkable change in the mentality of the inhabitants. My recollection of them was of a happy care-free people with smiling, friendly faces. To-day they are sullen, listless, disillusioned and repressed. Their poverty is very noticeable, and the deadly quiet of the villages gives one a curious feeling of sadness. One rarely hears a dog bark and wireless sets seem to be non-existent; the reason being that the inhabitants are unable to pay the necessary taxes. They have no recreations and their lives seem to be mere drudgery. Singing is rarely heard. Even the women as they wash clothes by the lakeside are silent, and their attire is sombre in hue: black or grey with no bright kerchiefs to vary their monotony. Houses are dilapidated and the very sunshine seems powerless to lift these unfortunate people from the lethargy into which they have fallen. Towns, on the other hand, are bristling with soldiery and there is a warlike atmosphere in the railway stations and public thoroughfares. Unemployment is rife and one realises that this is a chief reason for increasing the army.

The Fascist régime has achieved many wonderful and useful reforms, but like everything else dictatorship can be overdone. Lasting good cannot be maintained in these conditions for "How can it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his soul?" Stepping out of Italy into Switzerland and France one felt as though a pall had been lifted and one found oneself immediately among contented and happy people.

A LOVER OF ITALY

DRAMA BY THE UNEMPLOYED

SIR,—I have been much interested in your articles on the need and means of providing cultural interests for the unemployed. In my town there is only a public library, which does not cater for those of us who have so much enforced leisure and consequent depressing thoughts. Our only hope lies in creative pursuits, and I have recently had the good fortune to find facilities for such in the form of dramatic art. I wrote to the headquarters of the London Unemployed Dramatists, 8, Little Bath Street. I had read of their work in the Unemployed Camps of South Wales, through which they toured in a lorry last year, demonstrating the possibility of spontaneous drama, and that they had given successful performances in London clubs and at the Grafton Theatre.

In reply I was sent my fare to attend the Club, in Little Bath Street, and I have since been enabled to visit there at least one day a week. Not only have I been given good meals, but on one occasion was provided with a garment which I badly needed. All of us get understanding help to the limit of available funds. Some get jobs again, but I know our leader hopes that there will be a few who will give an impetus to the whole dramatic movement. To that end we rehearse daily and plan future tours. But here again our status as unemployed presents many difficulties in the matter of travel and official restrictions. I have recently read that in Soviet Russia unemployed persons of histrionic talent are cared for by the State, which provides not only for their subsistence but for free training in a technicum, the player receiving a small remuneration whilst there. We still lack a National Theatre, so why not support a movement such as Miss Edwards's, whereby the unemployed can not only be considerably assisted but an important contribution be made to the furtherance of dramatic art? P. C. TURNPENNY

14, Rectory Road,
Hayes, Middlesex.

SOVIET LITERATURE

SIR,—I do not approve in principle of the authors getting involved in controversies with the reviewers of their books. May I nevertheless be allowed to take exception to one passage in Mr. R. D. Charques's review of my book *Soviet Russian Literature* in your issue of June 1st? His sentence: "Mr. Struve's book deals only with the literature of Great Russia; nothing is said of Ukrainian or Georgian literature, both of which appear to have come astonishingly to life in recent years, or of the developing literature of the lesser national minorities" seems to imply reproach. Yet it ought to be clear to anyone that a person competent to speak of Russian literature is not necessarily competent to do so of Ukrainian, let alone Georgian, literature. Mr. Charques apparently overlooked the fact that in the Introduction to my book in a footnote on page vii, I expressly admitted my incompetence in this matter when I said:

> I speak here, as elsewhere, in my book, of Soviet *Russian* literature' that is of literature in the Russian language. There is in the Soviet Union such a thing as national minorities' literatures—of late their development has been particularly encouraged; but they represent a thing apart, of which I am not competent to judge and write.

In fact, the very title of my book suggests its limitations: I did not call it "*Russian* Post-Revolutionary Literature," because that would have necessitated the inclusion of Russian literature outside Russia; nor did I call it "*Soviet* Literature," for then I would have naturally been expected to deal with other national literatures of the Soviet Union, and the whole treatment of the subject should have been quite different. It is my conviction that the ties of language and tradition, which make present-day Russian literature (Soviet-Russian literature) but a phase in the general evolution of Russian literature, are stronger than the "ideological" bonds which unite it, say, to Soviet-Georgian literature.

GLEB STRUVE
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Miscellany

POT LUCK

"Yahoo," at the Westminster
"Golden Arrow," at the Whitehall
"Night Must Fall," at the Duchess

IT is roughly true to say that few persons born before 1880 go to the cinema and few born since 1900 to the theatre. Moreover this distinction is specially marked among the intelligentsia. You can of course explain this (like everything else from the spread of Christianity to the character of Queen Victoria) by economics: a play costs three times as much to visit as a film, and the old are richer than the young. Moreover at a cinema you get a longer entertainment for your money, and there are no intervals, which are necessary, no doubt, for the actors and which were for the audience positively pleasant when the theatre was a place where you met your friends, but which now merely drive you to drink. These truths do not obliterate the fact that in London you can see once a week a film which is good entertainment, while it would be difficult to find in a year fifty equally good entertainments in the theatre. However imbecile the plot of a film, the photography is apt to provide curious and interesting shapes, whereas the decor of most plays is as boring as the decoration of most houses. Then, of course, there is the sex appeal business: owing to the films there is a career open to the physically seductive such as never has existed before: there was only one Madame du Barry at a time, and at Hollywood dozens of persons of both sexes can earn fortunes by exciting desire which they are never even asked to satisfy. At the same time the cinema does not really replace the theatre any more than painting replaces sculpture. Each form has its own demands and its own advantages; and the worst films are those which most directly imitate plays.

A round of three plays newly produced in London during the last week shows indeed how irreplaceable the theatre remains. *Yahoo* is a play about Swift: we are shown the Dean, Stella, Vanessa, Berkeley. Without some knowledge of these persons the play would be almost incomprehensible. An ordinary audience, whether at *Glamorous Night* or *One Night of Love* would contain few people who had heard of tar-water or even of Berkeley. It is a prodigious advantage of the play that it can afford (economics again) to appeal to an incomparably smaller audience than the film. For this, of course, the repertory system is necessary: without it the actors naturally need large salaries, since they may be out of work the greater part of the year. But engaged by the year, they can take salaries which do not make the cost of a production ruinous. Dublin, it may be noted, supports two repertory theatres, the Gate which has brought us *Yahoo*, and the Abbey. (Incidentally the cinemas in Dublin are hardly less numerous than the pubs and the bookies). The local allusions in *Yahoo* are rather lost in London, whereas in Dublin no doubt they set the spectators at one another's throats. For it represents him as a 100 per cent. Irish patriot, and upbraids the modern Irish with neglecting his memory. But apart from topicalities the play makes a great appeal to the cultivated. The language is dignified and beautiful, the Dean himself, superbly acted by Mr. Hilton Edwards, is a prodigious figure. Stella is made altogether too gentle: one cannot imagine this bread-and-butter miss shooting a man, as the real Stella did, much less being feared for her wit. The Vanessa was most convincingly passionate. The author, Lord Longford, supposes that Berkeley celebrated a marriage between Swift and Stella, but he never offers any good explanation of such a marriage being neither revealed nor consumated. (A knowledge of the madness which was to overwhelm him remains the most likely hypothesis). In the last act Swift in his madness is supposed to endure the spectacle of what was to happen to his fame. *Gulliver* turned into a children's book, imbecile lecturers regretting his coarseness, Irish patriots dismissing him as a forgotten alien. The producer does not show the high imagination required for such a scene, but the play as a whole makes an evening during which one is glad one did not go to see Miss Harlow or even Miss West. The mighty Dean is more my cup of tea than either.

Golden Arrow again is a play aimed at a fairly small audience. But to enjoy this you need to be a frequenter not of the London Library but of the Ritz Bar and the Lido. The wit is highly sophisticated, too much so indeed for the theatre. Before the audience has caught the point, the next line is half way through. This is the first play by Miss Sylvia Thompson and Mr. Victor Cunard, and they will have learnt that it is the jokes they are least proud of which score the greatest success. In the theatre the speed with which a line gets across the footlights is of the first importance. *Golden Arrow* is the fruit of acute observation, an American girl, an American pussy, a French amorist, and a politically minded Englishwoman are brilliantly silhouetted. But the play lacks both suspense and point: the Under-Secretary (as gifted as he is handsome) certainly deserves a better fate than this ghastly, charming, American chatterbox, but we never give a damn whether he marries her or not. Miss Greer Garson is a discovery, and Mr. Lawrence Olivier, complete with fur collar and black hat, is the living (though miniature) spit of Anthony Eden. A thistledown entertainment, remarkable for an adult type of wit rarely heard on the stage: the authors must quickly have another shot, using a gun instead of a rifle.

With *Night Must Fall* we emerge into real theatre. Mr. Emlyn Williams understands the commutator, the differential, the gaskets and every other part of the stage mechanism. In print his jokes would look pretty defenceless, but they smash across the footlights like Crawford's service. And though we know who is going to murder whom, the suspense is hysterical. The psychology of the murderer is, in a broad theatrical way, excellently studied—vain almost to the point of solipsism, and any educated person, except of course a judge, would realise

that he was as mad as a March hare. Mr. Emlyn Williams has fattened up a fine flock of parts, which are greedily made the most of by Dame May Whitty, Miss Kathleen Harrison, Miss Angela Baddeley and Mr. Williams himself. Indeed his performance is probably the best exhibition of acting now to be seen in London, and I know of no other actor who could carry through the part. Mr. Miles Malleson has produced the play most skilfully, which, as likely as not, will run for a year. It will then be made into a film, the atmosphere will be lost, the i's will be double-dotted and the t's double-crossed, and everyone will call it a British film, because no other epithet of praise can be applied to it. ROGER MARVELL

ECHO AND NARCISSUS

CHIN cupped in hand, long hours the young Narcissus
Lay by the forest pool, and looked, and burned
For the mirrored face, nor knew his own reflection;
While, in her tangled thickets, Echo, spurned,
Vainly for his love yearned.

"Say, art thou Hylas, lost to this life above thee,
Shut in thy water world from touch of men?
Thy lips move mutely: speak, and say 'I love thee.'
Love would be loved again."
Came Echo's moan, "I love thee: love again."

He heard no murmur, save his own deluded
Fond voice in pleading, "Then, for sole reply,
Sweet voiceless one, thy lips." His lips, protruded,
Met the chill crystal wave. A thwarted sigh
Shook his whole frame. "Thy lips!" came Echo's sigh.
Again he breathed, "O kiss me ere I die."
She murmured, "Kiss: I die."

Zeus from Olympus wandering on a love quest,
Zeus of the many loves, the hot of heart,
Pitying their pangs of unrequited passion,
Has stripped them of their human hopes and heart,
And thus forever healed them of their smart.

Echo still haunts the glades, a disembodied
Voice, and the white Narcissus is still fair,
A flower leaning over flawless waters
For ever amorous of its image there.
"For what is love?" said Zeus. "A dream, an echo,
A shadow, and a mockery, a despair.
To hold the shadow sooth, to be the echo,
Is still to cheat despair."
"To cheat despair!"
The failing echo died upon the air.

A. V. STUART

RUSSIAN ART

Sapphire and diamond tiara lent by Queen Marie of Roumania, who bought it from the Grand Duchess Vladimir (grandmother of the Duchess of Kent), who used to keep her jewels in glass cases all round her bedroom. Insured for £20,000.

PRINCESS YUSUPOV's pearl cost twice as much, and the Princess Royal's necklace is twice as ugly. The value of Lady Londonderry's amethysts has defied calculation.

Exhibitions must pay their way, and if anything allures the public more than jewels it is the odour of living, moribund or extinct royalty. For half a crown, at No. 1 Belgrave Square, we can asphyxiate ourselves with the list of royal lenders, the comments of royal visitors, and the relics of the royal departed. But where is Russian art? The answer is: in Russia. This exhibition gives as good an idea of its subject as an exhibition of English art would give if assembled in Moscow from sources outside England. (Indeed, the latter would include the finest Jacobean silver and the oldest English coaches in existence. Here, only Fabergé is supreme in his kind. And even he becomes rather a melancholy joke, with his fine craftsmanship degraded by his customers' taste.)

If the exhibition had not been inaugurated with a serious book on Russian art, and if the press had not been informed that its contents were "in fact priceless," its box-office attractions might have been more easily ignored, and the effort of its organisers more gratefully applauded. It might still have disappointed; but we could at least have distinguished where the connoisseur left off and the publicist began. To the outside world Russian art has always appeared hieratic, folky, and theatrical by turns. Yet any one who has seen that art in its home—particularly since the Revolution, when the best icons were first cleaned—can conceive how magnificent an exhibition might have been organised with the co-operation of the Russian Government. The pre-Christian gold ornaments from the Hermitage; the icons from the museum at Novgorod and the Tretyakov Gallery in Moscow; the metal-work and vestments from the Kremlin; the later furniture of Karelian birch, and the vases of those incomparable stones in which Russia abounds—such an array would reveal an art as individual and inventive as any in Europe, and would confute for good and all the cliché that the Russian genius found scope in ballet, music and fiction, but never in art. At Belgrave Square that cliché is again reinforced. Some objects are beautiful; some the fortune of insurance companies. But the vital spark is lacking. And without some trace of it, even the most sympathetic mind cannot hope to imagine the best from the evidence of the second-best.

The exhibition opens with two rooms of icons, whose excellence of lighting and arrangement makes them the most attractive in the house. Unfortunately, this excellence does not extend to the paintings themselves. With two or three exceptions, all have been cleaned as flat and dead as an old piano; they are icons of the antique shop, such as can be seen in all big cities the world over. The shimmer, poetry and life which invest the great masterpieces of Russian painting, and which were often communicated to secondary panels such as these, have been razored off to disclose mere compartments of colour and pattern, decorative in a scenic way, but emptied for ever of their makers' inspiration. That this should have happened, at the hands of dealers, is not surprising; for it takes about a year for one man to clean a big icon carefully; and in any case, thanks to the indefatigable influence of some dealers, the less of the artist's paint or glaze that now remains to a picture, the more readily saleable it becomes. Apart from Nos. 18 and 19, which are so minute that their detail would vanish at the least touch, the only panel in the collection which retains any hint of that pure native genius shared alike by the early Russian painters and the later Russian novelists, is the small *Dormition* lent by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Seltman (No. 47). Here, the delicate play of wine-red and cold blue shows the influence of Theophanes the Greek, and can claim a definite, if remote, cousinship to Rublev's *Trinity*. No. 46, *St. George and the Dragon*, also seems to have escaped worse than moderate restoration, and with its scalloped silver covering offers a pleasant though prosaic instance of the type whose apogee was reached in the grand *St. Theodore Stratilates* at Novgorod.

The cataloguing of the icons again betrays the dealers' influence. It is painstakingly done, displays a knowledge of the different schools, and gives the dimensions of each panel. But the earliness of many dates, the superlatives, and the attribution of No. 39, should be scrutinised with considerable suspicion.

Of the later exhibits, porcelain and glass reveal the highest general quality. Indeed the former, even by Russian standards, is remarkable for its scope, both in specimens of dinner services from the imperial factories, and in those charming, highly glazed peasant figures, whose vivacious impressionism well illustrates how the Russian taste, while borrowing the technique, and often the forms, of Western Europe, would

never bow to the conventions of the Western spirit. Among the portraitists, Borovikovsky is less facile than Levitsky; the latter's heroic canvas of Catherine the Great would have done more credit to Russian art by remaining in the obscurity of Malta. Repin is represented by a French café scene, which sees the joke of the 'nineties, but lacks the lightness of touch to retain it. The most engaging picture is one by Serov of the Emperor Alexander III, whose tilted hat and pot-bellied stance are a convincing memorial, in human terms, to the old national expansiveness.

Apart from one superb goblet carved from smoked topaz by Fabergé (No. 504), who, as this shows, was sometimes an artist as well as a jeweller, the two finest single objects in the exhibition are the bronze busts of Prince Menshikov and Peter the Great by Rastrelli. A less elaborate but very similar version of the former, done in white marble, is in the Winter Palace. The prototype of the latter is also there, from the same mould in bronze. This is the more impressive of the two, ornate, windy and baroque, but imbued none the less with Peter's autocratic inflexibility. Here again, though the artist was a foreigner, his work exhales a Russian directness. And the visitor who would catch the Russian spirit, as it existed under the Empire and has survived under the Bolsheviks, can do no better than, after gaping at the furious confusion of Peter's habiliments, look Peter straight in the eyes.

ROBERT BYRON

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Roberta" at the Tivoli

In all respects, save the two most important, this new musical comedy starring Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers is inferior to their *Gay Divorce*. Despite a number of witty lines (all of them Astaire's), its dull moments are more frequent and more tedious, because the bare bones of the plot are unsatisfactorily covered with long strips of very lean subsidiary matter. It may be unfair to Miss Dunne to class her part of the film, singing and all, as subsidiary; but it seemed essential only to the plot (which is naturally negligible) to hear her entertain a group of reverently homesick White Russians with a song about smoke, or snow, or something, getting into their eyes. Her French, too, is so bad it startles the rest of the cast; whereas Ginger Rogers, pushed into the background, produces not only a funny but a clever and up-to-date parody of cabaret French. Padding is one thing; but here too much of the story has been allowed to interfere with the serious business of the film. For "ballroom" dancing, as—and only as—performed by Fred Astaire, must be reckoned a serious and exhilarating matter. All other antics by exponents of modern dancing (tap, hot, cold, hula, or whatnot) pale into their own profound insignificance when this genuine artist, this faun in dress-clothes, takes the floor. And his partner has improved as nearly up to his level as makes no difference; their first dance in *Roberta* is a small modern masterpiece. It is for this reason that the film is so well worth seeing. Secondly, it was a relief to find that the show-girls have, very sensibly, become mannequins at a dress-show. What they actually wore can safely be left to the blasé and critical film-notices of Parisian fashion-papers; but this sedate display of individual blooms was certainly pleasanter to watch than the usual giddy and grinning glut of female flower-beds—which had become too much of a good thing.

"Rossetti" at the Arts Theatre

Rossetti, by Mr. H. de Hamel and Mr. R. L. Mégroz, refused a licence by the Lord Chamberlain, was given a run of a week at the Arts Theatre Club. The absurdity of the new rule—a consequence, it is rumoured, of the fuss about *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*—that no play can be produced if collateral descendants to the third generation make any objection to their famous ancestors' appearance, is finely exposed by *Rossetti*. Had this play been given publicly, and deprived of the sentimental appeal which attaches to all censored things, it would presumably have been greeted as the shoddy, unhistorical thing it is. Through mere sympathy the play and the acting have had a reception otherwise inexplicable. Whatever else Rossetti was he was a vigorous, masculine, hearty, sometimes rather coarse creature—Mr. Glenville turned him into a self-conscious, posturing, lisping, fawning flower, as incapable of calling Elizabeth Siddal "Guggums" as of being Fanny Cornforth's lover. Elizabeth Maude as Fanny was excellent, comforting, warm and with a touch of semi-maternal sense. Maisie Darrell's Elizabeth Siddal was painfully moving, and a strong contrast to the coloured tissue of Peter Glenville's Rossetti. One left the theatre murmuring one of the few good things in this pinchbeck play, a sentence of Fanny Cornforth's when she's a little drunk—"two and two make what is it."

The Stage Society

As we looked at the names of the committee of the Stage Society—which has done so well this season—we wondered who could be responsible for choosing Mr. Krag's *Other Selves*, which was presented at the Little Theatre. By Krafft-Ebbing out of Jekyll-and-Hyde, with aunt Maria Martin as fairy vice-mother, *Other Selves* has no claim on our attention, were it not for the excellence of the production the magnificent efforts made by the actors to fetch living drama out of this corrupt tissue of doubtful theses. Hans, the doctor who violates and murders little girls, was finely acted by Raymond Lovell: Mary MacOwen could not quite hide her disgust at the character of Juliet, who develops from plain hysteria to coloured nymphomania in the course of the play, but she was lovely and moving, while Allen Webb's Falk had the right touch of reserve and mystification until the author ruined the part by making this very self-controlled psychological detective join the mad dance. The one dramatic quality the play has is suspense; but this is not sustained after the middle of the second act, and no craft is at hand to hold our ebbing interest.

London Government Exhibition at the County Hall

Education, housing, transport, water-supply, drainage, hospitals and public assistance are among the activities illustrated in this exhibition, which justly excites the Londoner to self-congratulation. The improvement during the last twenty-five years is remarkable in almost all departments: the council houses are more comfortable and better designed, the inmates of workhouses and mental hospitals are treated more humanely, and above all the educational facilities and methods are immensely improved. The most fascinating feature of the exhibition is the spectacle of small children actually at work upon drawing. The method by which they are taught is brilliant, and the results are often serious works of art. Some of the pictures exhibited by children between five and eleven would be valuable additions to any collection of contemporary art, and a selection should be made every year from them for permanent inclusion in the Tate Gallery. This is the more remarkable because the teaching is done not by special art-mistresses, but by the ordinary staff. Unluckily the methods employed in the technical schools are much less effective, at least where industrial art is concerned. The designs for embroidery, for instance, are most of them not only painfully feeble from an aesthetic point of view, but hopelessly dowdy and unfashionable. And a stale articraftiness still persists in the senior schools. Evidently there is need for better liaison between those in control of these classes and the brilliant organisers of the art-teaching in the ordinary schools.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, June 7th—
H. Coleman on "Reactionary Progressives," Conway Hall, 7.30.
"The Insect Play," Tavistock Little Theatre, 36 Tavistock Place.
"The White Hell of Pitz Palu," Everyman Cinema Theatre.

SATURDAY, June 8th—
Ben Greet Players in "The Comedy of Errors," Hyde Park, 3 and 7.

SUNDAY, June 9th—
Handel Festival, Cambridge. Till June 14th.

MONDAY, June 10th—
Ruth Draper, Haymarket Theatre.

TUESDAY, June 11th—
Una Marson on "The Women's Conference at Istamboul," Friends House, Euston Road, 1.20.

WEDNESDAY, June 12th—
H. L. Beales on "The Forms of Property Under Industrialism," Le Play House, 35, Gordon Square, 8.15.
"The Two Mrs. Carrolls," St. Martin's Theatre.

THURSDAY, June 13th—
Aldershot Military Tattoo.
Szigeti, Queen's Hall, 8.15.
"Accidentally Yours," Shaftesbury Theatre.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

MELANTHA is an eternal figure in our midst; we all number her among our friends, have met her in society, have read her in print (she has a *penchant* for reviewing), but she has never appeared more delightfully than in the person of Athene Seyler upon the stage in Dryden's greatest comedy, and never has been funnier than in the famous scene:

> *Melantha.* Are you not a most precious damsel to retard all my visits for want of language, when you know you are paid so well for furnishing me with new words for my daily conversation? Let me die if I have not run the risque already to speak like one of the vulgar; and if I have not one phrase left me in all my store that is not thrid-bare and usé, and fit for nothing but to be thrown to peasants.
>
> *Philotis.* Indeed, Madam, I have been very diligent in my vocation; but you have so drain'd all the French plays and Romances, that they are not able to supply you with words for your expenses.
>
> *Melantha.* Drain'd? What a word there! *Epuisée* you sot, you. Come, produce your morning's work. . . .
>
> *Philotis.* *Sottises.*
>
> *Melantha.* *Sottises, bon.* That is an excellent word to begin withal; as for example: He, or she said a thousand *sottises* to me. Proceed.
>
> *Philotis.* *Figure:* as what a figure of a man is there. *Naive* and *naiveté.*
>
> *Melantha.* *Naive,* as how?
>
> *Philotis.* Speaking of a thing that was naturally said; It was so *naive*; or such an innocent piece of simplicity; 'twas such a *naiveté.*
>
> *Melantha.* Truce with your interpretations: make haste.
>
> *Philotis.* *Foible, Chagrin, Grimace, Embarasse, Double Entendre, Equivoque, Esclaircissement, Suitte, Beveue, Façon, Penchant, coup d'etourdy* and *Ridicule.*
>
> *Melantha.* Hold, hold. How did they begin?
>
> *Philotis.* They began at *Sottises,* and ended *en Ridicule.*

Philotis, however, had done her work better than the ordinary playgoer imagines, and the Indian gown, the point gorget, and the guimp petticoat given to her in this scene were thoroughly well earned. Melantha might well exclaim, on second thoughts: "If thou hast more of these phrases, let me die, but I could give away all my wardrobe and go nak'd for 'em," instead of calling her a *sot*, which in its meaning of fool is a pre-Conquest gallicism. Philotis was far more up-to-date. *Chagrin, grimace* and *equivoque* were already current, but she provided her mistress with the first use in English, as recorded in the Oxford Dictionary, of *sottise, naiveté, foible, esclaircissement, suitte, beveue* and *ridicule* as well as *double entendre*, though she may have heard the latter on the lips of the Duchess of Cleveland, who used it two years later. Dryden had used *penchant* the year before and Dorothy Osborne had been beforehand with *naive*. Only two words on her list have never become naturalised: *façon* because we had already our own *fashion*, from the Norman-French *fachon* and *coup d'etourdy*, which does not even get its place in the Oxford Dictionary. However, her lady was well provided.

* * *

I was reminded of Melantha, not by the *rencontre* of a *chère amie* or even by that of a *copain* on the staff of the *New Statesman*, but by *A History of Foreign Words in English*, by Mary Serjeantson (Kegan Paul, 21s.) which is stuffed with fascinating information. The first thought of a reviewer faced with a dictionary, or such a work as Debrett, is to discover something that has been left out; Miss Serjeantson has defeated this by not aiming at completeness, and my feeble efforts at catching her out have been unavailing. With the memory of Doctor Opimian, dining with Squire Gryll, in my mind—"from this girasol we have made Jerusalem, and from the Jerusalem artichoke we make Palestine soup. An excellent thing, but a palpable misnomer," I sought material for investigation during luncheon and sure enough the *cutlets* (*costelettes*, little ribs) and *asparagus* were neither of them mentioned, but I was made to look foolish by the next course: gooseberry *fool*, which I imagined to come from the French *fouler*. Unfortunately it does not: the original fool was not a stirabout but a trifle, and the word shows the intolerance of the insular masculine appetite for sweets and kickshaws (this last word, not mentioned by Miss Serjeantson, is delightfully derived from *Quelque chose*). The *sillabub*, although of "obscure origin" (O.E.D.) would seem to be another example of such contempt. Miss Serjeantson treats largely of the earliest introductions, such as the Latin words which came into English before the Conquest. Such is the eighth-century *Cipe*, an onion. Miss Serjeantson does not mention the modern form of it, *Chives*. There are far more Norse words in English than Celtic: such are *score, skep* and *skill*, also *wing*. *Ugly* is from the Norse *ugga*, to be afraid. Among the later Scandinavian words to enter our language, Miss Serjeantson includes *cosy*. Such a source seems improbable both on geographical and on ethnical grounds, and the Oxford Dictionary, after mentioning a possible relation with the north-country *cosh*, snug and intimate, declares the derivation to be unknown. The examples it gives: "our cosh hearth-stane" and "the coshest wife that e'er I met" sound cosy. It is difficult for an ignoramus in etymology not to connect it with the Irish *coshery*, living upon the industry of others, the entertainment exacted by Irish chiefs from their dependants (from the Irish *coisir* feast). Nothing could be cosier.

* * *

French words have always provided the greatest contribution and were adopted with great rapidity in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, the percentage rising from six in 1300 A.D. to over thirteen in Chaucer, while Langland and Lydgate have even higher averages. These were not just Melantha's innovations, for Chaucer like most great writers used the language as he found it. The stream of gallicisms has been flowing in ever since, and it is to be hoped that our Melanthas will introduce more and ever more since such are the tokens of the interpenetration of two cultures. Miss Serjeantson should have reflected, however, before saying in jest of these French loans that "the question of repayment does not arise," for we are steadily paying the interest, if not the principal. *Le Chester* for Cheddar (not Cheshire) cheese is an admirable example of such honesty between neighbours. Strangely enough more Arabic words have entered English than those from any other Eastern language. *Admiral* from *Emir* appears as early as Layamon's Brut, and is first used of an English admiral in 1423. But until recently most Arabic words came via French or Spanish, or both. Borrowers naturally tend to change the meaning of the words they lay hold of. A good illustration of this is the Russian for railway station, *Vokzal*, derived from *Vauxhall*. Public gardens in imitation of Vauxhall gardens were laid out where the Russians could watch the first trains. They have always been romantic about machines. Another painfully illuminating example, given by Miss Serjeantson, is *mugwump* from the Natick North American Indian word meaning "Great Chief." The extinct Caribs have bequeathed us a surprisingly large number of their words besides being commemorated in the word *cannibal*. Such are *hurricane, iguana, manatee, savannah, yucca, hammock, carapace* and *caoutchouc*. But perhaps the most interesting words are not those which are most outlandish (*Pimlico* is North American Indian) but those which have paid most visits during their travels. The Albatross is an excellent example since it comes to us from Portuguese, from Arabic, from Phoenician. The Apricot started as Latin and passed in succession into Greek, Arabic, Spanish, French and English. But perhaps the greatest warning of all to the amateur etymologist is the South African *Sjambok*, which it is easy to associate with such antelopes as the *springbok* and the *gemsbok*. But it came into Dutch via the Malay from the Persian *chabuk*, a whip. Miss Serjeantson has written an excellent, learned compilation, but it is difficult not to regard it merely as a specimen volume of the larger work for which Melantha has furnished the material.

DAVID GARNETT

NEW NOVELS

What the Sweet Hell? By PETER CHAMBERLAIN. *Chatto.* 7s. 6d.

Prize Stories. *Heinemann.* 7s. 6d. (Not published until June 11th.)

New Tales of Humour. *Jarrolds.* 2s. 6d.

Memoirs of a Cheat. By SACHA GUITRY. *Gollancz.* 6s.

Saturday to Monday. By PATRICK CARLETON. *Philip Allan.* 7s. 6d.

Brighter Bondage. By CLAUDIA PARSONS. *Chatto.* 7s. 6d.

Whom the gods wish to destroy they first call promising. Anything one says of Mr. Peter Chamberlain, therefore, can do him nothing but harm. Luckily the responsibility is not one's own. If I were to pass over his book in the pointed silence that it merits there would be others to commend it and set him off on the manic-depressive cycle of promise and performance by which a writer "comes on," "goes off," is overworked, over-advertised, over-praised and neglected. When a writer is born among the Chatto islanders in the little-known Gollancz archipelago a dirge is sung over his cradle: "May he be dowered with the gift of unpresentability—some antisocial tic, drink, drugs, unbuttoning, or a too great readiness to proceed to the extremes of malice; may he never support a family nor accept a regular income from a publisher nor join an advertising agency; may his personal appearance early be disfigured by the clot of age and his bones cast unhonoured over the flimsy countryside." Anthropologists will pardon this rough translation.

Mr. Chamberlain at present has three veins—the satirical, the narrative (stories about himself), and the reporter's (stories about other people). This last he had better cut out altogether. Nobody immature can write about other people. The stories out of his own experience are readable and interesting. I very much liked the public school ones and "A Packet of Tyre Trouble," a straightforward account of a motor cycle rally in Tirol. The author is indebted to Hemingway, who has replaced Mr. Kipling as the creator of "shop" vernacular for the mechanically minded. If Peter Chamberlain can induce enough things to happen to him in this costive country he has a safe future with this kind of story, but it is in the satirical sketches that his promise appears. One of them, "Surburban Exercise," which came out in this paper, seems to me absolutely brilliant. In the stark form of a grammatical exercise, with close-knit subjunctives and conditional clauses, the death-certificate of suburbia is quietly signed—revelation follows appalling revelation.

> They hope to be married in the spring, *if* they can find a house.
> These tennis balls will be clean enough for the Holloways.
> We keep the gate closed at night, otherwise couples use the drive.

"Duet for Four Voices" is also highly accomplished and so is the title story, but I don't believe anybody really says "What the sweet hell?" it belongs to that kind of American slang which seems worked out on paper rather than to spring naturally from conversation. Well, there it is, an extremely promising book by a writer who sees, and feels what he sees, and writes what he feels. I shall lie in wait for his next one with eagerness and anxiety, for he needs nothing but time and the ability to correct a certain manly facetiousness such as lubricates the writing of Mr. Peter Fleming.

Prize Stories are a good selection of American tales which have luckily departed from the technique of O. Henry. A short story with a point must almost certainly be top-heavy and tasteless, like wearing decorations to a bottle party; the longer the story the more point there can be, but it must, as in Maugham, be an emotional, and not a verbal one. The prize-winning story in this volume describes a negro killer escaping from a Virginian chain gang. It emphasises at once the superb variety of the American scene. Life in England is thin and dull: we satirise puppets, cockneys, public-house characters, spinsters, retired colonels. Mr. Auden deals smashing blows at golf-secretaries. Only by taking refuge in experiments, technique, or a vivid subjective imagination can English writers triumph over the poverty of their subject matter, do something more than squash caterpillars, or moon about the rectory cabbages. *New Tales of Humour* shows the feebleness of the English short story, and contains many names which do not suggest any particular kind of writing, just the name. Stacey Aumonier suggests Stacey Aumonier and that's that. The stories are not so new either; one of them has already been published in book form a year ago. Half-a-crown seems a very reasonable price for them.

Memoirs of a Cheat is a quite charming book. Here is a long short story, crisp, gay, delightfully illustrated, essentially French. The first chapter is so funny, unfortunately, that the rest of the book cannot help falling off. Begin at chapter two and read chapter one last. The cheat is a real cheat, who works in Monte Carlo; he suggests some excellent methods and the conclusion is neither expected nor moral. The book is quite charmingly written; it comes not only as an antidote to the seriousness of English novels, but it also escapes the professional glibness of Morand, Maurois, Girandoux, and everyone else who tries to write about rich people in the raw. There are little puffs on gambling, having money, Monte Carlo and being Parisian, dangerous subjects, yet tackled with freshness; and one returns sadly to the English black pudding and steamed vegetables after this summer dish of langouste, tomato salad and wood strawberries washed down with Camp Romain or Tavel.

Saturday to Monday is a strange book. The author has taken not only the method, but the plot of *Ulysses*, digested them and regurgitated them to our island taste. The young man in search of a father is a Liverpool bank-clerk, the Bloom about to be regenerated by fatherhood is the curator of the Assyrian antiquities at the museum, who was once an exploring archaeologist and is now dying of *accidie* at forty-two. They meet and make friends at a week-end in Wales. There can only be one *Ulysses*, just as there can only be one *Waste Land*. This kind of imitation is quite fatal. On the other hand it is a real novel and could have been written just as well in *oratio recta*. There is genuine observation and creation of character. The bitterness of a man still young who has discovered a mound and given up digging it, and who receives accounts of astounding finds there from his successors, is well brought out. The book has several misprints, not as many as *New Tales of Humour* it is true, but quite enough to render infuriating the author's attention to correct spelling. Why call the *Bacchae* the Bakchai when you print *Hen prisca fides*, and *Tripes à la Mode de Caenne* (? hot stuff). One can now buy from 12 Rue de L'Odéon pages of the proofs of *Ulysses* with Joyce's corrections at a pound each. Mr. Carleton should invest in one.

Brighter Bondage describes the adventures of a woman who is left penniless at thirty by the death of her husband and forced to earn her own living. A sombre subject, but treated with gaiety and humour, and the result is an entertaining library book, which ends—for she is a pretty woman—as you might expect. Many French names and American pronunciations are incorrectly reproduced.

Answers to correspondents: To the critic who says he has not been told what to read I recommend *What the Sweet Hell?* and *Memoirs of a Cheat*. To "Man of Letters," Norwich, who doesn't read novels because he "can never remember who the people are," I can offer no help.

CYRIL CONNOLLY

TOYNBEE HALL

Toynbee Hall. By J. A. R. PIMLOTT. *Dent.* 8s. 6d.

Mr. Pimlott's history of the Mother of Settlements which has recently celebrated its jubilee is an excellent account of one of the most characteristic expressions of the awakening social conscience of Victorian England. Toynbee Hall, as the bibliography shows, has already been the subject of a considerable literature, but this is the first complete account written from the standpoint of the post-war generation. Although many of the early pioneers are still alive and active, their work has passed into history and can now be viewed with discrimination and detachment. Mr. Pimlott brings out very well the gulf which separates the conditions of East London to-day from the Whitechapel that Canon Barnett brought to the notice of Oxford and Cambridge in 1884. No less surely does he indicate the change in social outlook. The story may broadly be divided into three periods, the first that of the early days when Canon Barnett himself was Warden, the second when a younger generation succeeded and the third when a new start had to be made. Each has its distinctive note. The early days are definitely Victorian. The settlers are enthusiastic adventurers in a new and unknown world. The work done was largely that of pioneering. The social services which are now taken for granted were then in the laboratory stage. The relationships between men and women of different environments which have now extended so widely had then to be built up East and

West had to be introduced to one another. Mr. Pimlott in his chapter on Parties and Politics skilfully indicates the atmosphere of restraint which was apt to cling about some well-intended efforts in this direction, recalling to old residents the atmosphere of the Toynbee drawing-room.

In the second period, the State and the Municipality were rapidly taking over the kind of work which Toynbee Hall was intended to do. Barnett's idea of a kind of East End University failed to develop according to plan, because the community learnt the lessons which he taught and itself took over much of the work. The second generation had to try to work out a new field of usefulness, while trying to keep in being activities and methods which had to some extent been superseded. It is interesting to try to imagine how the Settlement would have developed if the whole nature of its environment had not been changed by the flood of immigration from abroad. The coincidence of the war with the attempt to transplant Toynbee to Poplar rendered abortive an interesting experiment. Perhaps the distinctive note of the second period is the development of the partnership between the voluntary worker and the official agency.

In the third period we see Toynbee fitting itself into the new world after the war, a world where the workers themselves are increasingly taking their destinies into their own hands. This history is really an epitome of the social movements of the last fifty years, many of which had their origin in the activities of one or other of the residents while others were developed or extended within its walls. The list of residents at the end shows how widely the net was thrown, and how great was the variety of personalities brought into contact through the agency of the settlement.

In a final chapter Mr. Pimlott gives some account of the numerous children which this prolific mother has produced, especially in America, and indicates the future usefulness of settlements as neighbourhood centres. He points out that they will be especially needed in the future when leisure becomes the right of all. Mr. Pimlott has been successful in giving an interesting account of an essentially British invention which has proved adaptable to the needs of an age of rapid change, and in doing so has shown how far-reaching has been the influence of its founder, Canon Barnett, justly described by Mrs. Webb as a nineteenth-century saint.

C. R. ATTLEE

TRAVEL BOOKS

Beckoning Horizon. By WEDGWOOD BENN and MARGARET BENN. *Cassell.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Over My Shoulder. By BERNARD MARTIN. *Duckworth.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Lure of Unknown Lands. By MAJOR F. G. JACKSON. *Bell.* 16*s.*

Tramping Orchestra. By H. QUELING. *Rich and Cowan.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Donkey of God. By LOUIS UNTERMEYER. *Gollancz.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Canoe Errant. By MAJOR R. RAVEN-HART. *Murray.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

A general history of travellers and travelling, of the romantic attitude towards travel and of the development of the Grand Tour between the sixteenth and the early nineteenth century, is one of the great books that, as far as I know, has never yet been written. But how adventurous is the perspective that it suggests! —from Diaz riding towards Mexico and Ralegh exploring the plains of Guiana to Byron, splendid and disconsolate, trundling down some dusty Italian road and Shelley, clasping his hands and shrieking in metaphysical ecstasy at a sudden glimpse of the awful grandeur of Mont Blanc. For travel is a drug—stimulant or narcotic—to which different travellers respond with different degrees of exuberance. Even among the travel-books listed above —none of them, I am afraid, a book that is likely to find its place in any collection of classic travel literature—differences of attitude are almost as numerous as changes of scene. Here are busy travellers, idle travellers, desultory travellers, lovers of the picturesque and travellers in search of information.

Mr. and Mrs. Wedgwood Benn are concerned with facts. From America, they made their way across the Far East to Moscow; and in a pleasant and unaffected manner they have set forth their impressions of the various cities, oriental and occidental, through which they passed. Now and then, they attempt a pretty picture; but literary description, on the whole, is not their *forte*; and the narrative is at its best when they confine themselves to the political or social aspects of their theme. Thus, they are better at relating the conversations they held with Japanese acquaintances than at depicting the beauties of the Japanese landscape or the monuments of Nikko and Kyoto. Like other foreigners, they were gratified but sometimes a little overwhelmed by Japanese hospitality. They visited General Araki—head of the official military clique—at his modest Tokyo home, inspected factories and heard the views of prominent Japanese industrialists, and spent the day with a conservative Japanese farmer—obviously an exceptionally well-to-do member of his class. Their statement of the Japanese position and of Japanese claims is friendly but unprejudiced. China, however, seems to have made a far more personal impression; and they left Asia with a guarded respect for the Japanese but with real love for the vast, defenceless, slipshod, undeserving, yet somehow extraordinarily likeable people who lie at the mercy of the modern Japanese machine.

Beckoning Horizon is interesting, though a trifle sketchy. *Over My Shoulder*, on the other hand, which covers part of the same field, is too sketchy to be very entertaining; and the reader, whose hopes have been excited by the admirable choice of quotations that Mr. Martin has placed at the head of his chapters, may be disappointed by the flimsiness of much of his material. It is inaccurate, for example, to suggest that "Hong Kong . . . and other choice ports" were "filched" from the Chinese by Western Imperialists; since Hong Kong and its prosperity (of which the Chinese themselves have been the first to take full advantage) are entirely a Western creation, Hong Kong being a rocky island, sparsely inhabited, at the time it was purchased by England from its original owners. Elsewhere, the statements that "Japan is a land of mystery," that "there are no people more dignified than the Japanese," are just as much to the point as if a French traveller were to assert that Great Britain was a land of eternal fog and that its population was characterised throughout by all the legendary qualities of "le gentleman anglais."

The four books that remain are romantic in tendency. Major F. G. Jackson is hunter, trapper and explorer. His subject is exciting and his method is artless. He has had an adventurous life and he describes the vicissitudes of his career with great gusto; though there are some episodes—notably the capture of a polar bear—that may lie a little uneasily on sensitive stomachs. Nevertheless, *The Lure of Unknown Lands*, as it is experienced by Major Jackson, seems distinctly preferable to the boyish enthusiasm that sent *Tramping Orchestra*, with banjos and knickerbockers, from Vienna across Armenia and Persia right up to the borders of Tibet. They claim to have penetrated Tibet; but the latter stages of their narrative are so vague as not to be very convincing; while "wander folk" humour proves exceedingly turgid. Possibly, the English rendering is at fault; for our language and the historic present have never been friends.

Mr. Untermeyer is the sentimental tourist; and *The Donkey of God* is half guidebook to Italy and half a collection of anecdotes and stories, each prompted by some different Italian city. The stories themselves are nicely told; and it is a pity that the woodcuts by which they are accompanied should be considerably below the standard of the text. . . . Alone among its companions, *Canoe Errant* deals with a method of travel in which the traveller is likely to find few rivals. Trusting himself to a light canoe, Major Raven-Hart has explored the rivers of France, Germany and Austria and has even ventured out on the stormy gulfs of the Dalmatian coast. His book is readable and simply written; the photographs, though much too small, are clear and good.

P. Q.

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WELLINGTON COLLEGE

Out of Bounds. By GILES and ESMOND ROMILLY. *Hamish Hamilton.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Most accounts of Public School life have been dished up in the form of fiction, no doubt to avoid libel. But the Romilly brothers, aged eighteen and sixteen, have written a straightforward description of experience not at Marlington or Welborough, but at Wellington College. It is a very amusing book. I like the account with which it begins of a Seaford Prep. school with its drawing class, in which the works produced were divided into three sections. "A very good drawing would be admitted to the Royal Academy, a good one to the National Gallery, and a fairly good to the Tate." Almost Evelyn Waugh, I think? Later the fun becomes furious. Here are two boys, evidently above the average in ability and of the most respectable parentage, their father a retired Colonel in the Scots Guards. They go to Wellington, where they become Pacifists and Communists; and with the support of Comrades in London carry on active propaganda. (Wellington, it must be remembered, is a school which caters specially for the sons of soldiers, a large proportion of whom it prepares for Sandhurst and Woolwich.) They produce a magazine, *Out of Bounds*, which excites the *Daily Mail* to a long article headed "Red Menace in Public Schools," "Moscow Attempts to Corrupt Boys." Scotland Yard (can this be true?) gravely writes to the headmaster. The younger Romilly then runs away, if one may use so undignified a word about so determined a character. But he sometimes slips back to see his brother and colport his magazine, the sale of which is, of course, forbidden.

Of course, it would be very cross-making to have sons who were trying to convert the world to Communism instead of working for their House Colours; and Mrs. Romilly (who emerges as a most charming character) was perfectly right to point out that knowledge and experience should be acquired before entering upon missionary work. But the parents of these two bright boys had at least the consola ion of knowing that they were bright. It is to their unfortunate schoolmasters that one's sympathy goes, for these could get nothing from the affair but annoyance and anxiety. And they behaved really remarkably well. Indeed, everyone concerned comes very well out of the story, except perhaps the father, who does not seem to have been very tactful. But perhaps the authors are unfair to him—most adolescent boys dislike their fathers. The whole story would make an enchanting film, and I recommend it to Monsieur René Clair. The Armistice Day celebrations, for instance, when Mr. Giles Romilly inserted pacifist leaflets in the hymn-books, would provide a stunning sequence.

But, of course, the book has also a serious side. Inevitably a Public School has a Tory atmosphere, because the vast majority of the boys come from Tory homes. The more conventional and inefficient such schools are, the more defenceless will be the class they educate. Good Communists, like the Romillys, therefore ought to welcome, instead of attacking, the faults of the Public School. But those of us who are not Communists must regret the appalling waste for which the Public School is responsible, waste of natural talent and of potential adult happiness. A specially clever boy will survive a Public School comparatively unharmed, unless his misery there has made him neurotic: a specially stupid boy also may suffer little harm. But the average boy, though not unhappy, acquires in the Public School atmosphere a contempt for intellectual and aesthetic pleasures which impoverishes him for life. The schoolmaster will justly answer that most boys come from utterly Philistine homes: and indeed the circle is vicious, for the Public School boy grows into the Public School parent. But most boys have natural curiosity, and this is not fed but stifled in the Public School. The fault is largely with the staff, not because they are barbarous, but because they are ineffective: they allow the tone to be set by a gang of seventeen-year-old toughs. In this book the imbecile monotony of the life is well described, the futile boredom of mechanical lessons and compulsory games, with sex providing the only regular excitement.

Two of the many issues raised by *Out of Bounds* require further comment. At Wellington, as at almost all Public Schools, the prefects still have the demoralising privilege of beating the smaller boys. Consequently the imagination of these adolescents is, as this book shows, continually occupied with the idea of corporal punishment. Any psychologist could explain the danger of this, and it is not for nothing that Englishmen of the governing class enjoy abroad a reputation for sadistic and masochistic practices. Another preposterous tradition frowns upon friendships between boys in different houses. And as friendships between boys of different ages are for moral reasons forbidden, there are only four or five boys out of six hundred and fifty with whom friendship is not discouraged. I have met several masters at Wellington, intelligent, humane and open-minded men, but I have never had the honour of meeting the headmaster to whose kindness this book pays a tribute. Probably he is hampered, if he desires any reforms, by the obstinate conservatism which usually distinguishes the more vocal "Old Boys." But I wonder how an intelligent man can justify to his conscience the continuance of these two customs. Of course, Wellington is not in these respects exceptional, and possibly Eton is the only orthodox Public School which would stand up any better than Wellington to such a candid description.

Out of Bounds ends with a short account of Bedales, to which Mr. Giles Romilly went after his departure from Wellington. This he found much more tolerant and humane, but also more completely anti-intellectual and Philistine. Moreover the timidity with which the co-education there was conducted had the most unlucky results. Probably under the new headmaster things are now being changed. The political opinions of the Romilly brothers will evidently provide a most convenient excuse for disregarding their criticisms of the Public School system. This is a pity, for it seems to me on the whole a candid and surprisingly fair book.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

TWO NORTHCLIFFE BOYS

My Seven Selves. By HAMILTON FYFE. *Allen and Unwin.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Front Everywhere. By J. M. N. JEFFRIES. *Hutchinson.* 18*s.*

Mr. Hamilton Fyfe was associated for fifteen years with Lord Northcliffe. Mr. Jeffries was employed by him, mainly in the foreign field, for a still longer time. Each earned a high reputation as special correspondent, but the two have little more in common. Mr. Jeffries is a Catholic and decidedly for things as they were. Mr. Fyfe is a Rationalist and Socialist. He threw over the Northcliffe scheme of things before the end of the war, and later enjoyed a four years' adventure as editor of the Labour daily.

Mr. Fyfe's title is as accurate as it is happy. He made his start as secretary to Buckle of the *Times*, and we are given a lively picture of that editor in the strange office which he did not control. This apprenticeship led to opportunities of an unusual kind, for it fell to Mr. Fyfe to reconstruct two daily papers in succession, and then after many years, to revive the *Daily Herald*. When the war broke out he was Northcliffe's star correspondent, and it was he who sent from Amiens the sensational dispatch on the broken British army which helped to make the last Sunday of August, 1914, the darkest day in England. Lord Birkenhead (then F. E. Smith) was press censor. Mr. Fyfe describes what he did with the copy, working on it after dinner and throwing dots into almost every paragraph. He might also have noted that this dangerous censor added some lines of his own, in almost identical words, both to the Fyfe message and to a brilliant two-column dispatch by Mr. Arthur Moore which was printed (without dots) on the same page of the *Times*.

It was doubtless the affectionate character of his relationship with Northcliffe that kept Mr. Fyfe for so long in his service, for the record shows him to have moved away long before the break. His term at the *Herald* included the nine months of the first Labour Government and the General Strike of 1926. Mr Fyfe is outspoken on both those episodes—merciless as to Mr. MacDonald and contemptuous in his attitude towards the trade-union authorities of the paper. Yet by his own admission he was not easy to work with. "I never told the directors anything," he writes, and he confesses that if they asked questions or raised objections he gave evasive answers. Yet the *Daily Herald* in Mr. Fyfe's time was "owned and controlled by the Labour Party," and this fact implied a position for the editor different from that of any other political editor in England. Mr. Fyfe's candour is an engaging quality. Together with his running pen it has enabled him to produce one of the most interesting volumes of journalistic reminiscence in our time.

Mr. Jeffries, it is pleasant to note, graduated in that distinctive school of English that was directed by Miss Royde-Smith in the *Weekly Westminster*—which, by the bye, could hardly be deemed a suitable academy for such young gentlemen as were looking

towards Northcliffe House. Confessedly Mr. Jeffries knew very little except French when he was taken on by the *Daily Mail*.

The description of his adventures behind the Western Front in the autumn of 1914 reveals a surprising youthfulness combined with a readiness of resource which almost alone would account for his success as a war correspondent. There is nothing better here than the description of the flight of the people from Antwerp on the approach of the German Army. Mr. Jeffries was a close observer of that heartrending exodus. The war was still in its first stage when he was transferred to Egypt, where he witnessed the Turkish attack upon the Canal. Thereafter it was Bulgaria and Italy, Poland, Russia, Spain, Morocco—indeed, as many lands as any correspondent could wish to serve in. Mr. Hamilton Fyfe has an experiencing nature: he has changed throughout his seven selves. Mr. Jeffries remains what he was. He is an energetic and picturesque writer. As a Scotsman Mr. Fyfe could tell his colleague the meaning of "ilk," but after a lifetime of newspaper writing neither of them can spell Clemenceau.

GENTLEMEN v. PLAYERS

Khaki and Blue. By LT.-COL. R. S. GODLEY. *Lovat Dickson.* 8*s.*

An Infant in Arms. By GRAHAM GREENWELL. *Lovat Dickson.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

I Saw for Myself. By JOHN BROWN. *Selwyn and Blount.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

These three books comprise a curiously complete picture of the last forty years of Englishmen *versus* the rest. We see, in short, the changes in the nature of the ever-popular "man of the moment"—the man who is chiefly distinguished from his fellows by "great practical ability," and "more than ordinary courage." I would like to have added "curiosity," but it is there that Mr. Brown, as a representative of the post-war, seems to beat Messrs. Greenwell and Godley, as representatives, respectively, of the war, and pre-war, generations.

Lt.-Col. Godley was in the army, and then the police, of South Africa, from 1896 to 1931. During what quite plainly must have been the highly exacting, and dangerous, labour of thirty-five years, labour always conducted in the bravest, most sensible, and most gentlemanly way imaginable, he has noted searchings of the heart at only one point, and these (in which I venture to detect something characteristic of the governing class) concern the black population, not the white. He points out, quite rightly, "that the period is long past when they"—the natives—"can be looked upon solely as a very useful and easily obtained form of cheap labour." With this single exception, the entire book is devoted to recounting the methods by which one set of cross-patches after another were smartly dealt with. First come the original inhabitants—"rebels"; next, Boers and Germans—"enemy"; lastly, the Johannesburg strikers, who are "revolutionaries"—and really wicked. Among the long lists of names of those who were instrumental in assisting the author to keep the foregoing, on the one hand, and the English shareholders, on the other, in those stations to which God had been pleased to call them, one might include "Pa" Garraway (the late Sir Edward Garraway, K.C.M.G., Resident Commissioner of Basutoland), Archdeacon Upcher, Colonel Bodle, and "Hujah" Wood (Brig.-General in the Great War).

An Infant in Arms consists of the letters sent by Captain Greenwell to his mother during the whole war, first in Flanders, and then on the Italian Front. In this book the mood changes considerably from that of *Khaki and Blue*. While neither author swerves, except when things become simply too stupid and brutal for words, the grave, confident naturalness of the Lieutenant-Colonel has already changed into the younger man's blithe objectivity, a detachment so complete that one finds it frightening, and fetching, by turns. The Empire Builder, of whom it must be said that he occasionally asked himself what he was about, has already given way to the type which, having had a less single-minded education, dare not do so—K.C.M.G.s and Archdeacons find themselves replaced by "Carew Hunt: was at Merton: is an excellent Mess President: speaks French fluently and secures wines, pigeons, salads and fruit with the greatest ease"—but while the Kipling feeling disappears it is possible that something more valuable goes with it. Whereas the natives are obviously a matter of great concern to the Lt.-Col., the Germans (p. 167) are only "pretty" human to the Captain, and one of his descriptions of the best place to put a bayonet must have caused his mother, to say the least, a qualm. Readers of Capt. Greenwell's book, coming across this phrase in a letter from the Somme, "I shall never look on warfare either as fine or sporting again," and from Beaumont-Hamel, "So the stupid war goes on!" may protest that he had his glimpses, too. He had, but they were of an entirely different kind. Imagine, for instance, such words as the foregoing in the mouth of the Lt.-Colonel! The generation before had tried to think about these things, and failed; the generation after had tried not to, and succeeded.

It is as a consequence of this that *An Infant in Arms* is so strangely gay. Throwing apples at friends succeeds descriptions of throwing bombs at enemies, without the smallest change in tone. Prodigies of courage and endurance are passed over as lightly as the possibility that there is something wrong about it all. At the end one has the impression of a man who has in him some of the finest qualities that men can have, and then one suddenly realises how these very qualities are also the most alarming. It should be added that Capt. Greenwell's final letters contain admirable notes on the breakdown of the Austrians at Asiago, and the behaviour of the Italians.

Mr. John Brown's second book (his first, *I Was a Tramp*, was written in connection with an article published in this paper) was originally the result of what must be one of the most extraordinary minor incidents in contemporary history. One day, as he was distributing Socialist pamphlets outside the Morris Motor Works, Lord Nuffield appeared—the scene must have been the personification of a million political caricatures—and began to upbraid him. After some minutes, the industrialist challenged Mr. Brown to go to Russia, offering to pay his passage. Mr. Brown went, but paid for himself. The outcome, as it appears in this book, was more pleasing, possibly, to Lord Nuffield, than to the author, since Russia seems to have given the latter a right smart case of the willies.

On the way, Mr. Brown went to Germany. The almost crazy bravery which he showed in his ceaseless questioning, his continuous search for hidden armaments—over railings, or off down passages, like winking—is, although he seems oblivious of it, even more remarkable than that implicit in the two books reviewed above. As regards his writing, names, figures, and whizzing about, do not interest in themselves; in his next work, he should be lazier, ruminate more, titter more, and forget more names. But the cultural aspect is where Mr. Brown is weakest. Just as he is unnecessarily snooty about social emancipations in Germany before the Third Reich, so he misunderstands, in Russia, their anti-church activities, and appears aghast that a new literature and art have not already sprung up. He does not comprehend that a basement is always dark.

Mr. Brown, to sum up, refuses to be taken in, and in spite of the fact that this refusal encourages a style that is often somewhat too staccato, and generally quelling, the factual part on Russia is among the most informative that has appeared for some time. There is, too, something sympathetic about anyone who instinctively recognises that deathly "glaze" which, when he is efficiently questioned, comes over the eye of the true totalitarian, just before he begins to talk absolute, instead of partial, nonsense. Finally, it is very handy to have, in one volume, exhaustive comments on both of the two sorts of lives between which, if we are not extremely spry, we shall shortly be given the scrumptious privilege of choosing.

BRIAN HOWARD

A STRONG CASE

The Case for Sterilisation. By LEON F. WHITNEY. *Lane.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

This book gives useful particulars of the operation known as sterilisation, although it must be confessed that Dr. Haire's editorial notes are often more interesting and intelligent than the text of the book. The author sides with Havelock Ellis in considering that sterilisation should always be *voluntary*. Dr. Haire states in one of his notes that there is no law against sterilisation provided that these operations are carried out with the consent and for the benefit of the patient. Mr. Cecil Binney has written a very learned and well-informed pamphlet on this point from which it is quite clear that the common law doctrine of *Mayhem* is not the least concerned with the question whether the operation is good for the patient's health or otherwise. Neither the author nor Dr. Haire mentions the question of finance, which is, after all,

very material. Supposing that the tenant for life of an entailed estate and all other interested parties wish to put an end to the entail, and the only obstacle is the rights of the tenant for life's unborn issue, one might suppose that the tenant for life could be sterilised if he wanted to be. This, however, is not the case because the operation is still tainted with the common law suspicion of "public mischief." It seems clear that no doctor ever performs the operation without taking some legal risk, though the extent of that risk cannot be estimated until the question is decided in the Law Courts.

Meanwhile it would of course be much better to have the question decided by a statute; but there is little chance of so sensible a measure being dealt with by Parliament, although such a statute would no doubt enormously improve the population and save at least one shilling in the pound on income tax, considering that something like £500,000,000 a year is spent on what are called "Social Services," the benefit of which largely goes to persons who ought never to have been born.

There are no doubt cases where a person who ought to be sterilised is incapable of giving consent; but in such cases the matter might be decided by some kind of family council. Unquestionably, however, there are a number of defectives who would much prefer to be sure that they cannot transmit their defects. The whole problem seems to have been discussed far more fully in the U.S.A. and Germany than in England. Sterilisation was practised as far back as 1899 by Dr. Sharpin, in Indiana, and since 1907 twenty-seven American States have passed laws authorising sterilisation. British Columbia followed suit in April, 1933. In Germany, under Hitler, a compulsory law of sterilisation has been passed and the following list has been prepared of persons to whom it will be applied:

(1) Feeble-mindedness, tentatively estimated at 200,000 persons; (2) Schizomania, 800,000; (3) Insanity, 200,000; (4) Epilepsy, 60,000; (5) St. Vitus's dance, 600; (6) Blindness, 4,000; (7) Deaf-mutism, 18,000; (8) Serious physical deformity, 20,000; (9) Chronic alcoholism, 10,000.

Apparently the Army mental test taken by the U.S.A. in 1918 showed that half the adult population is below the mental age of 13.2 and a good number of these men and women have minds which have never grown older than that of a normal child of ten! These statistics suggest that at least one-quarter of the population might usefully be dispensed with, but that if it is impossible to obliterate them, it should at any rate be advisable to prevent their multiplying themselves *ad infinitum*.

E. S. P. HAYNES

A SEA LORD

The Life and Letters of Admiral of the Fleet Lord Wester Wemyss. By LADY WESTER WEMYSS. *Eyre and Spottiswoode.* 21*s.*

One opens this book with interest. In a world made safe only for admirals and generals it is clearly important to obtain an insight into the characters and opinions of such men. And in the case of Lord Wester Wemyss there should be some historical interest also. For here is a man whose career was varied, adventurous and successful. He defied Lord Fisher—and yet rose above the rank of captain. This feat alone astonished naval circles. He was second in command at Gallipoli and was in charge of the British base at Lemnos. He had the command which throughout the Arab revolt provided Lawrence with the mobile base without which success might have been impossible. He succeeded Jellicoe as First Sea Lord and defeated the submarine campaign where Jellicoe had failed. He was present as representative of the British Navy at the Armistice and at the Peace Conference. He was made a peer. He was altogether a very important man—and yet one reads this memoir of him without interest, partly perhaps because the lives of distinguished men of action are more interesting than their letters.

> Matters are ticklish, but I don't see any reason for thinking they may become bad, but there is always the possibility of things not turning out as they should, and [this] is still more the case when one has Arabs to deal with.

Remarks such as this—which is a complete quotation—tell one little and of such remarks is made a book that might have been a contribution to history. Now and then there does, indeed, appear to have been some inkling on Wemyss' part that the war as waged by the British generals was a disastrous reversal of the traditional English policy of amphibious warfare. But while he

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opposed the evacuation of the Dardanelles and initiated the raid on Zeebrugge, he apparently did so on purely empirical grounds—at any rate he advances no articulate theory. One receives the rather frightening impression that there were few in the Navy actually concerned with the art of war. Provided the service remains a band of brothers, the Navy seems to have felt, all will be well.

But on two subjects Admiral Wemyss *was* miraculously articulate. He drew up a convincing memorandum advocating the abolition of the private manufacture of armaments as "the first presupposition to any effective measures for systematic limitation." He maintained that by the present system "the multiplication of armaments is stimulated artificially." He went even further. Not only did he say that national *regulation* alone was insufficient but also that national *ownership* itself was not enough—there must, he said, be international action supervised by a standing "International Intelligence Board."

Now the man who was advocating in 1918 a scheme which the British Government turned down as excessive when proposed by the U.S.A. in 1935, had no interested political motives to serve. Further, he was at the time First Sea Lord of the Admiralty—that is, he was the man whose job it is to give technical advice to the responsible Minister. The importance of such advice coming from such a source is surely considerable.

One other thing Lord Wester Wemyss did. He threatened to resign from the First Sea Lordship if the rate of the men's pay were not raised. If this is not done, he said, there will be mutiny. The pay was raised. There was no mutiny in the Navy in 1919.

GUY FRANCIS

MR. DE LA MARE'S PARTY

Early One Morning. By WALTER DE LA MARE. *Faber.* 21s.

> One of my early memories is that of being allowed to sit up to supper one late evening in a strange house. The room is low-pitched and lit with candles. Against the wall, opposite to me, though I cannot see it, is . . . a stuffed Pomeranian. . . . Between the glass case and myself, on the other side of the damask tablecloth, is seated a rather sleek, dark gentleman, with a steady, *looking* eye, and a neat, nut-shaped head. He intercepts my sleepy but excited stare, lifts a small fork from the table, exposes it to me full in my gaze for an instant; and the next, lo, it has vanished! He is conjuring. . . .
>
> In this book the position has been reversed. Its fork has been childhood, and the faltering aim of its pages, long after my own childhood's evanishment, has been to bring it back again. . . .
>
> Yet of the three of us there that night it was the Pomeranian dog, I fancy, that was the worst off. He could neither make magic nor marvel at it. And that, it seems, is one of the ever-present dangers of adulthood. Unlike a child, who will fall into a reverie of delight merely in drifting his heels through the thin fallen leaves of autumn, it will sit and sit in the presence of life's conjurer—all his legerdemain, even at its simplest, beyond the least fear of discovery or final explanation; and yet, never even a momentary hint of mystery or wonder may lighten the bold glassy eye. It is as if it had been stuffed. But how? And when?

In these words, Mr. de la Mare quietly shuts his door behind his last departing guest, closes down his children's party—and reviews his book, the "strange house" of these prolonged and intricate revels, more succinctly than I can hope to do. You will either be transported by the sentences above into the mysterious lights and movements, the multitudinous echoes and mazy passages of this mansion—you will enter with an unmistakable thrill of anticipation, delight and fear; or you will be left for ever on the pavement outside, where Pomeranian dogs behave as they must when alive and are merely dead when they die. It is possible, I suppose, to argue of the above passage that the scene it evokes is commonplace, the simile strained and confused, the argument loose, the "bold glassy eye" bosh, and the last questions meaningless. But if you, parent, pastor or master, uncle or aunt, have known a child turn in companionship from a radiant creature to a brat, if you have felt the rising glassiness and boldness of your eye, the advancing stuffedness of your demeanour; if you know the meaning of that how? and when? then you will go inside this book as an adult and come out, perhaps, with a child—yourself when young—holding on to your hand. For this is a queer children's party. There are no organised games, no scrubbed faces and best frocks, no archness and no whimsies, and only one conjuring trick. Everyone is allowed—is indeed encouraged—to behave just as he wills. There are as many grown-ups as children here; and sometimes, as the crowd mingles within itself, a young one will bump up against an old one, they will gaze at each other, the young one will say, "That's funny—don't we know each other?" and the old one will answer "Not as well as we might; I was you once—now tell me . . ." but the crowd moves, and they are parted again. And if, oppressed by the urgent questions and intimations with which this atmosphere is laden, one tries to find the host to ask him something, it is hard to spot him. For sometimes he is an old one with a head buzzing with poetry and critical wisdom, and a heart aching with humour and regret; and sometimes he is a young one staring at a vanishing fork.

Of living writers only Mr. de la Mare could have devised these ceremonies and been the master of them. In this conjuration of childhood he has amassed its evidence as displayed in many autobiographies, and has set against this the letters, diaries, stories and verses of these children whose scraps of paper somehow escaped the nursery dustbin or their later desire to obliterate their young tracks. His company ranges from mill hands and chimney sweeps to two queens of England; it embraces the whole gamut of the English poets; mathematicians and philosophers, though not so plentiful, are discovered to have been children once; we meander all the way and back again from Thomas More and Francis Bacon to Wells, Kendon, Berners and Romilly John. The average child, if there is such a one, is not here save by inference. His scribbles were all destroyed; he does not grow into an autobiographer. Nor can it be certain that childhood, even here, is caught quite unawares, for its defences are deep, its writing laborious, and its image as set up in after years may be betrayed by the treachery of memory and obscured by the clinging robes of adulthood. But what is here is rich enough, and it is elaborated, cross-connected, echoed and mused upon by the master ruminant of our time. Mr. de la Mare hobnobs occasionally with his brother rodents, the statisticians, the legalists, the pedagogues, the psycho-analysts. Any of them would have made a tidier, even a cleverer book out of this material than he. They would have reached a conclusion, and

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brought back a message. They would certainly have put in more than a scant six pages on sex in infancy. But I for one am glad that Mr. de la Mare has made a magic journey without a destination. It is delicious in these days to be bidden to childhood without being commanded to probe it as one probes a bad tooth to irrigate an abscess. BARRINGTON GATES

SHORTER NOTICES

Cicero, Verrine Orations, Vol. II, translated by L. H. G. GREENWOOD, M.A.; **Livy, Vol. IX,** trans. by EVAN T. SAGE, Ph.D.; **Celsus, De Medicina, Vol. I,** trans. by W. G. SPENCER, M.S., F.R.C.S.; **Aristotle, Athenian Constitution, Eudemian Ethics, Vices and Virtues,** trans. by H. RACKHAM, M.A.; **Aristotle, On the Soul, Parva Naturalia, On Breath,** trans. by W. S. HETT, M.A.; **Sextus Empiricus, Vol. II,** trans. by R. G. BURY, Litt.D.; **Pausanias, Description of Greece, Vol. IV,** trans. by W. H. S. JONES, Litt.D. (Loeb Classical Library), *Heinemann.* 10s. each vol, cloth; 12s. 6d. leather.

Good wine needs no bush, and neither the scholar nor the dilettante will want to hear conventional praises of the Loeb classics. These seven new volumes range from famous authors like Livy and Cicero and Aristotle, to the little-known—Pausanias, that chatty Greek Baedeker, Sextus Empiricus the Sceptic, and Celsus, who may or may not have practised medicine in the time of Tiberius, but who writes with wide knowledge of it. His elegant Latin is well translated by Mr. Spencer; and the reader to-day, whether doctor or patient, will find both profit and diversion in his account of medical science in the ancient world. The two volumes of Aristotle, very carefully edited and translated, take us into morals and politics, and into other subjects, such as psychology and physiology, in which the philosopher's speculations and theories are more often interesting than sound.

Brief Guide to the National Museums and Galleries of London. *H.M. Stationery Office.* 6d.

This is a model guide-book in its concision, taste, and accuracy. It not only points out for the bewildered visitor the most remarkable objects to be seen in the alarming vastness of the London Museums, but contains interesting information about the history of the collections. The author has been too kind to give the name of the architect responsible for the monstrous façade of the Victoria and Albert Museum (Sir Aston Webb), but the only omission with which he can be reproached is that he does not mention the admirable miniature biographies provided on the National Portrait Gallery postcards. In a second edition perhaps Greenwich, Hampton Court, the Royal United Service Institution Museum and Ken Wood might be included. But this guide already deals with fourteen museums, including the little-visited Home Office Industrial Museum.

SMALL ACCOUNTS

The Bank would like to impress upon the public that its interests are by no means focussed only on 'big business'. By tradition as well as by deliberate policy, the Westminster Bank has always aimed at fostering the 'small' account.

Moreover, there is no sharper line of demarcation between 'big' and 'small' than between 'white' and 'black'; there are many greys between, and it has always been good business for the Bank to encourage the smaller account with confidence in its growth later on.

WESTMINSTER BANK
LIMITED

About Motoring

HOTELS AND THE MOTORIST

I AM just completing a fortnight on the road, during which every meal has been compulsorily taken at some hotel or other. For many years writers have compared British hotels unfavourably with their Swiss, German and particularly their French rivals. Our cooking, our plumbing, our beds, almost every component in the hotelkeeper's equipment have been denounced or derided. In actual fact a small revolution has taken place in the lifetime of the present generation. A few of our hotels continue to deserve the very worst that can be said of them. But this minority consists of isolated houses which lack the stimulus of competition. Many a small town has several inns which are frankly mere drinking places, where no experienced traveller would seek either food or a bed. In such a town there is always one house which caters for genuine travellers; if the place is so located that commercial people cannot choose but put up there, the house may be simple and shabby, but it will usually be clean and comfortable, and offer good cooking of the plain type. If the town is rather larger, it will boast one more pretentious hotel, which makes its profits mainly from the bar, supplemented by catering for market lunches, masonic banquets, occasional wedding breakfasts, and a few annual events which will crowd its twenty or thirty bedrooms. As it has no local rival, its technical efficiency will depend entirely on the knowledge of its management—it may be quite good this year, and very bad under a fresh landlord next year. The standards of cooking and housewifery are unquestionably lower in this country than in France and Switzerland, and "single hotel" towns are therefore rather at the mercy of chance; one can never assume that the couple who run the house will know their job, whereas in France or Switzerland such an assumption would almost be equal to a guarantee. Matters are very different where competition exists, as in the popular holiday resorts; in these the revolution is sufficiently apparent. In such centres almost any house of entertainment, whether it be a four-star hotel or a small boarding house prepared to accept winter guests at two guineas a week, will stand comparison with its Continental equivalent. The food will be varied, plentiful, of good quality, excellently cooked, and daintily served. The plumbing will be modern, even if the "running hot and cold" have been rather inexpertly installed, and disturb you at night by weird gurglings when some other guest on the same pipe line is emptying his bath. The beds will be luxurious and expensive. As you travel along the roads of these islands, you will be quite safe in taking lunch or dinner at any chance hotel, excluding the small towns with their single hotels, where the lottery element still survives. Elsewhere you need not fear that the scrag end of last night's mutton with a rice pudding and a custard made from powder will be your fare. If you happen to be a connoisseur of wine, you will still suffer. In far too many hotels of high ranking the wine list will content itself with a curt "Beaune" or "Pommard," naming no year. Red wines will be served cold, and white wines will be served warm as often as not. Yet even in this exacting matter pleasant surprises await you; here and there, if you buttonhole the landlord before you go into the dining room, you may discover that his cellar contains treasures, and that he knows a great deal about bottled sunshine, though he seldom meets a guest who shares his enthusiasms.

The final revolution remains to be launched. Frankly, we have not yet emerged from the stage of plagiarism. I hardly know a single hotelkeeper who has got further than a desire to copy Switzerland or France. The luncheon will consist of four or five courses, the dinner of seven or eight, all based on foreign recipes and all listed by foreign names. Nobody seems to have realised that there are hosts of specifically English dishes, or that our peculiar climate lends itself to special fare. Why on earth Britons who are not linguists should be humiliated by the necessity

London Amusements

MATINEES

All at 2.30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.

ALHAMBRA. The Flying Trapeze. W. & S.

ALDWYCH. The Dominant Sex. W., Sat.

APOLLO. Duet in Floodlight. Wed., Sat.

COLISEUM. Dancing City. W., Th., Sat.

DALY'S. Chase The Ace. Wed. & Sats.

DRURY LANE. Glamorous Night. W. & S.

DUCHESS. Night Must Fall. Wed., Sat.

GAIETY. Gay Deceivers. Tues. & Thurs.

GLOBE. Grief Goes Over. Tues., Thurs.

HIPPODROME. Yes, Madam? Thurs., Sat.

LYRIC. Tovarich. Wed. & Sat.

NEW. Someone at the Door. Thurs., Sat.

PHOENIX. Viceroy Sarah. Thurs. & Sat.

QUEEN'S. Wind & the Rain. Wed. & Sat.

STRAND. 1066 and All That. Tu. & Thurs.

WESTMINSTER. Wed. & Sat.
The Old Lady Says "No!"

WYNDHAM'S. Sweet Aloes. Wed. & Sat.

OPERA AND BALLET

GLYNDEBOURNE
FESTIVAL OPERA HOUSE,
Lewes, Sussex.
FOR FIVE WEEKS.
MON., May 27th, to SAT., June 29th.
1935
MOZART FESTIVAL
Prospectus on application giving times of performances and travel facilities.

MERCURY, 2 Ladbroke Rd., W.11. Park 1000.
Tuesday next, June 11, and all the week at 8.30.
VLADIMIR ROSING presents
THE BRITISH OPERA GROUP in
SCENES FROM FAUST & PAGLIACCI (Complete).

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Matinees, Weds. & Sats., 2.30.
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THE FLYING TRAPEZE.
An ERIK CHARELL Production
JUNE CLYDE. IVY ST. HELIER. FRED EMNEY.

ALDWYCH. EVENINGS, 8.30. Tem. 6404.
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THE DOMINANT SEX.
By Michael Egan.

APOLLO. (Ger. 2663). Evgs., 8.40. Wed. Sat., 2.30.
MADELEINE CARROLL in
DUET IN FLOODLIGHT.
A New Comedy by J. B. PRIESTLEY.

COLISEUM. Charing Cross. Temple Bar 3161.
8.30. Weds., Thurs. & Sats., Whit Mon., at 2.30.
ANDRE CHARLOT'S Musical Play,
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Popular Prices, 2s., 3s., 3s. 6d., 4s., 5s., 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d.

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ANDRE CHARLOT & ROBERT NESBITT present
JUNE in the New Musical Show,
"SHALL WE REVERSE?"

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"CHASE THE ACE."
WINIFRED SHOTTER, EDWARD CHAPMAN,
MARIE LOHR, ERIC PORTMAN, GEO. RELPH.

DRURY LANE. 8 p.m. Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
MARY ELLIS, IVOR NOVELLO in
GLAMOROUS NIGHT,
with LYN HARDING, BARRY JONES.

DUCHESS. Tem. 8243. Evgs., 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.
EMLYN WILLIAMS in his own Play
NIGHT MUST FALL,
ANGELA BADDELEY MAY WHITTY

GAIETY. Tem. 6991. Evgs., 8.15. Mats., Tu., Th., 2.30.
GAY DECEIVERS.
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THE WIND AND THE RAIN.
London's Longest Run. Now in its 2nd Year.
Celia Johnson. Robert Harris.

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1066 AND ALL THAT.
A Revue with Music.

VICTORIA PALACE. 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.
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"THE MIRACLE MAN,"
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MARGARETTA SCOTT & ELLALINE TERRISS.

WESTMINSTER, Palace St., S.W.1. (Vic. 0283).
First London Season of
THE DUBLIN GATE THEATRE,
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WHIT MONDAY, June 10th,
THE OLD LADY SAYS "NO!"
A Satire of everything Irish. By DENIS JOHNSTON.
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DIANA WYNYARD in
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ACADEMY CINEMA, Oxford St. Ger. 2981.
YVONNE PRINTEMPS in
"LA DAME AUX CAMELIAS" (A),
with
PIERRE FRESNAY.

EVERYMAN (Opposite Hampstead Tube Station).
For 2 weeks, com. Mon., June 10th, to 23rd, PAULA WESSELY in "*SO ENDED A GREAT LOVE*" (A).
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Special SHORTS, CARTOON & NEWS.
Parking facilities. Seats bookable by 'phone, Ham. 2285.

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2 minutes Golder's Green Underground.
"LA CRISE EST FINIE" with
ALBERT PREJEAN, DANIELLE DARRIEUX, JEAN LENOIR, ETC.,
and **"BACHELOR OF ARTS."**

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BIRMINGHAM **Repertory.**
Evenings 7.30. Mat., Thurs., 2.30.
Princess Toto.
By W. S. Gilbert, Music by Frederic Clay.

CROYDON **Repertory.**
Evenings 8. Mon. and Sat., 5 & 8.15.
Fresh Fields. By Ivor Novello.

HARROGATE **White Rose Players.**
Evenings 8.15. Sat., 6.35 & 9.
It's a Boy. By Austin Melford.

LIVERPOOL **Repertory.**
Evenings 7.45. Mat., Sat., 2.30.
The Matriarch. By G. B. Stern.

MANCHESTER **Repertory.**
Evenings 7.30.
The Silver Cord. By Sydney Howard.

NORTHAMPTON **Repertory.**
Evenings 6.30 & 8.50.
Devonshire Cream. By Eden Phillpotts.

The Repertory Theatres whose announcements appear above are members of the Association of Repertory Theatres. *For information concerning Theatres belonging to this Association, or qualified to belong to it, apply to the Honorary Secretary, Bache Matthews, 7 Tavistock Place, London, W.C.1.*

RESTAURANTS

A QUIET meal, deliciously cooked—Lunch, Dinner or late Supper (licensed till midnight), at RULES of Maiden Lane, Covent Garden. Estd. 1780.

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● Food of the best, cooked and served to perfection, and every desired accessory to comfort.

BLENHEIM HOTEL BRIGHTON

Opposite Pavilion Gardens. Close to sea and amusements. The Hotel holds the R.A.C. appointment and terms are moderate. Illustrated tariff will gladly be sent on application to H. P. PENFOLD, Resident Director.

WOODCARVING

L. W. PENDRED is a woodcarver in the medieval tradition and the modern style. He can make many suggestions how this rare and lovely art can fit into the modern or period home.

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of asking the waiter what is meant by *caneton roti*, I do not know. There is something to be said for retaining Italian terms in music. A musical score demands very few verbal directions, and it is easy for any musician to learn what is meant by *rallentando* or *adagio*; moreover, these scores travel all over the world on one printing, and it might not be economical to nationalise the terms. But the *menu* of the Bay Hotel at Little Paddlingtown is typed or handwritten for a purely local and ephemeral use. It is stuck on the tables to-night and hurled into the wastepaper basket before ten o'clock. There is no possible excuse for perplexing the guests by using French words on it. Words may be of small import, but as long as we use the French names, we shall concentrate on the French dishes, and fail to develop a national school of cookery. If I travel in the less familiar parts of Germany, I find a bill of fare which is pure German in its construction, in all its items, and in its language. Dinner will consist of four courses, and of four courses only, solid substantial Teuton dishes, described by German names. Why should I not encounter a British meal, described by British names, in a British inn?

I am by no means advocating a Hitlerlike nationalism in diet. All sorts of amusing and probably profitable experiments are open to a lively hotelkeeper. He might, for example, offer his guests the meals of various nations on successive nights, especially at such seasons as Whitsuntide or Christmas, when his house is full of strangers enjoying a long week-end—a French dinner on Saturday, an English dinner on Sunday, a German dinner on Monday, an Italian dinner on Tuesday, a Russian (Tsarist, I hope) dinner on Wednesday. I admit he would probably experience extreme difficulty in unearthing a cook who could keep pace with such experiments; but if he troubled to engage a young cook with ideas, he might within twelve months awake to find his house famous, as Simpson's and the Cheshire Cheese and John Fothergill's Thame house have become famous in their several ways. I am north-country by birth, and confess to a great weakness for those thick slices of grilled ham which Yorkshire inns serve with poached eggs, but I could not tell you where to find such in southern England. In the Cotswolds you will occasionally be given as an entrée a piping hot Spanish onion with a tender kidney miraculously substituted for its heart; but again I do not know where you can get this dish anywhere else on earth, unless your wife happens to have collected the recipe.

However, there is no question at all but that British hotel-keeping and British cooking in public places where men eat, is most decidedly on the upgrade; and now that things have at last started to move, we may eventually achieve fame.

R. E. DAVIDSON

Week-end Competitions

No. 273

Set by Cyril Connolly

We offer a first prize of Two Guineas and a second prize of Half a Guinea for the best quotation illustrating the literary vices of any two of the following:

1. The nineties.
2. Georgian Poetry.
3. The nineteen-twenties.
4. The "new" poetry.

Quotations must be authentic, brief, and reveal defects typical of the period. While no preference will be given to those from little-known sources, a slight prejudice will be found to exist against "I have been faithful to thee, Cynara," and "Stands the church-clock at ten to three." Examples of (1) and (2).

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, June 14th.

2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.

3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 271

Set by Norman Collins

A Los Angeles husband has just been granted a divorce because his wife played the gramophone while he was endeavouring to write tragedies. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best list of half a dozen reasons (popular plausible, and not biological), not as yet accepted in the English divorce courts, for claiming a divorce.

Report by Norman Collins

In writing a report on this competition I am conscious of wearing the embarrassed smile of a man who, realising that he has gone a little too far in mixed company, discovers that there is a parson present. No fewer than three readers of the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION assumed that what was wanted was a list of those fundamental differences between the sexes which make marriage a lottery—to coin a phrase. The remainder of the entries, though conceived in a mood of levity, revealed, nevertheless, that the placid waters of English domestic life are in reality a seething maelstrom of discontent, sufficient to justify divorce and excuse murder. Mr. Allan Laing sums up a great deal in his telling phrase "Incompatibility of Temperature—i.e, disagreement on the great Fresh-Air-windows-open-or-shut question"; "Yoleh" seeks dissolution on the grounds of "Having influenza at the same time as oneself," or "Eating all the soft-centred chocolates and leaving all the hard ones"; "Coward" (what a wealth of meaning in a pseudonym!) adds "Sipping from her husband's glass when he much prefers to buy her a drink for herself"; "Camille" suggests in a brilliant list, disfigured only by one specific, rather than general, reason (offence, Mrs., or Mr. Camille, is not intended) the two reasons "That either consort has been discovered to be congenitally unable to shut the door when he—or she—either comes into, or goes out of, the room," and "That one of the consorts is incapable of coming across a split infinitive, whether in speech or print, without making some kind of protest against it"; "Leo" sagely denounces "Being late for everything" together with its converse "Always fussing about the time"; the misanthropic but eupeptic Mr. (Bidborough) Buckley seeks to add to the reasons for dissolution of marriage "Professional Philanthropy" and "Phood Phaddery"; Mr. James Hall, whose wit is as unceasing as that of our judges, but better, recommends "Because he sang or hummed 'The Day Thou Gavest Lord is Ended' first thing in the morning and throughout the day"; BM/LCAV would tear things asunder "For referring to me as 'the wife'"; "Sigma" would go to court on the grounds that the other party "Supplied vocal accompaniment to broadcast opera"; A P E would do the same on the grounds that the other partner "Habitually used baby language to animals"; Anthony Watson (a bachelor, it is to be assumed, since there is no pseudonym) would seek divorce on the grounds that "The wife persists, despite discouragement, in telling him the story of the film"; "Cockle" suggests the obvious "Snoring" and "Fishing," and the peculiarly brilliant reason, which is probably the cause of all divorce, viz, "One damn thing after another"; and A. H. Ellerington remembers his army days when he suggests "Dumb Insolence." Nevertheless, no entrant among the many, with the exception of T. Naisby (who should be at once placed on the Bench), is consistently wise, helpful, and (again no offence) conscious of the fundamental absurdity of two human beings of different sex attempting to live together. The first prize, therefore, goes to him and no second prize is awarded.

FIRST PRIZE

REASONS FOR CLAIMING DIVORCE

1. The inability of a man and his wife to co-operate successfully in the maintenance of the poise of social life, proved by their failure to sustain and to corroborate plausibly and convincingly those adjustments of strict verity which are the necessary devices of civilised existence, shall be a ground for action of divorce.

2. A wife's ignorance of household management, shown in the daily interruption of the early-morning newspaper read by the serving of breakfast and, on days when the paper is delivered late, the delaying of the meal until the moment of its arrival, shall be a ground for divorce.

3. The refusal of either partner in a marriage to divorce the other on receipt of evidence of infidelity shall be a valid ground of divorce when it can be shown that such refusal is determined by selfishness and unreasonable inconsiderateness.

4. Devised metamorphosis of a wife, following unilateral resolve and action and involving the artificial changing of face, complexion, body-formation and colour of hair, shall release a husband from the original contract of marriage, both on the ground of change of identity and on the ground that continued cohabitation, together with the possibility of further metamorphosis, would tend to discredit his character by arousing suspicions that such association were either bigamous or immoral.

5. The personal and exclusive preoccupation of the husband with the ornamental and total neglect of the irksome and laborious in all domestic and horticultural activities shall be admitted as a just cause of action for divorce.

6. A wife's lack of sufficient culinary knowledge to distinguish before attempted mastication between the uncooked, the cooked, and the burnt, shall be held to be a disqualification from continuing in the relationship of wife to the petitioner.

T. NAISBY

HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS

Special rates are being offered to advertisers under this heading for an introductory series of small advertisements. Particulars and quotations from Advert. Manager, 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

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NEAR the British Museum, Hart Street, W.C.1. Hot and cold water in all Bedrooms. Numerous private bathrooms. Bedroom, Bath and Breakfast from 8s. 6d. per night. Illustrated Booklet, "Walks in Old London," on application.

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WHERE to Stay in London.—THE LODGE, 1 St. George's Square, S.W.1. Room and Breakfast 5s. a night or 30s. weekly (one night only 5s. 6d.). With dinner, 6s. 6d. or 2 guineas weekly.

REFORMED INNS.—Ask for descriptive list (3d. post free) of 180 INNS AND HOTELS managed by THE PEOPLE'S REFRESHMENT HOUSE ASSOCIATION, LTD., P.R.H.A., LTD. St. George's House, 193 Regent Street, London, W.1.

CHELSEA.—Comfortable bed-sitting rooms with hot and cold water, gas fires and electric light, breakfasts, baths, attendance, from 27s. 6d., double 3 guineas, 6s. per night. Dinners optional.—Flaxman House, 105 Oakley Street, S.W.3. Flaxman 7284.

FITTLEWORTH, Sussex. Fortrie Guest House. Real country. Comfort, good beds and cooking. Breakfast in bed if desired. 'Phone 61.

YORKSHIRE Dales. 1 mile Aysgarth, 8 miles Buckden. Comfortable guesthouse for energetic or restful holidays. Full or partial board residence. SMITH, Warnford, Thoralby, Aysgarth, near Leyburn.

THE OLD MILL CLUB AND HOTEL, West Harnham. SALISBURY
Large Countrified bedrooms with good attendance. Candle-lit 13th Century Refectory for meals. River bathing. Riding. Delightful Trips. Excellent Food. Terms from 3½ gns. per week.

BEAUTIFUL BUTTERMERE. Supreme purchase of the National Trust. Driest part of Lakeland. Victoria Golf Hotel. Hot water and electricity in all bedrooms.

CORNWALL.—Farmhouse, board-residence. Near sea and golf. Beautifully situated. Special early terms. Photographs. MRS. JELBERT, Trewhiddle, St. Austell.

ALDERSHOT TATTOO—Stay at Thorshill Hotel, Hindhead, Surrey, which is only twelve miles away and very comfortable. 'Phone: Hindhead 545.

HOWDEN COURT, Torquay. 3 minutes by private path to sea. Sun room. Private bathrooms if required. Tel. 2807. A.A. appointed.

RYE, Sussex. Old Hope Anchor Hotel. Sunny and comfortable. Quiet situation. Lovely views. H. and c. water all bedrooms. A.A. 'Phone 126.

BOURNEMOUTH, Loughtonhurst. West Cliff Gdns. Entirely vegetarian. H. & C. ALL bedrooms. Write MANAGER for inclusive Tariff.

ON the Severn near Shrewsbury, the MYTTON AND MERMAID HOTEL, Atcham, offers distinguished entertainment to those *en route* for Portmeirion.

AT the Head of the Teign Gorges, EASTON COURT HOTEL, Chagford, Devon. Rooms with central heating and running water from four guineas inclusive. Walking, riding, intelligent cooking and Modern Library. A Writer's Hotel.

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DRIVE YOUR CAR (if 9 h.p. or over), TOW OUR CARAVAN (5¾ cwt. "Rice" 2-berth long folder). Take your wife (or other good cook), Pitch (5 mins. work) within earshot of the curlew, bittern, guillemot or raven. Partics.: CLAYGATE MOTORS, Hare Lane, Claygate, Surrey. Esher 395.

HARROGATE. The Little Guest House, 7 St. Mark's Avenue. Constant hot water. Quiet, moderate.

RIVIERA.—Small comfortably furnished flat facing south and overlooking the sea, 2 bedrooms, kitchen, sitting room, bathroom, £9 per month, 3 months £24 Pension if desired. Sea Hotel, Cap Martin, A.M.

MIEDERS-IN-STUBAI, Tirol: 2,100 ft. up; 10 miles Innsbruck, beautiful Alpine scenery. Excellent cuisine; English spoken and English Library. Terms—Low season, 7s. 6d.; High, 8s. to 8s. 6d. daily. Special arrangements parties. HERR BECK, Hotel Lerchenhof.

HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS—continued

LEISURELY TOURS, Danube and Rhine (by steamer), Vienna, Passau, Linz, Nuremberg, Munich, Bingen, 15 days 17 gns. Austrian/Italian Tyrol, Bav. Alps (ramble), steamer down Rhine, 16 days 15 gns. Saar, Moselle and Rhine, 9 days 10 gns. No extras. Good hotels. Book early—number limited. WISEMAN, 19 St. Dunstan's Hill, London, E.C.

THE West of Ireland, Achill Island, finest coast scenery in Western Europe. Ideal for walking and bathing. Eighteen hours from London. Constant hot water, 2 bathrooms. Weekly inclusive terms, £3. MRS. BARRETT, Amethyst House Hotel, Keel, Achill.

KENT. Restful accommodation amid beautiful country old-world village. Bath, h. and c. Efficient catering. Garage. MRS. MILLS, Cottage Farm, Smarden. 'Phone 46.

SUMMER BUNGALOW. Lavender. Rose Garden. 15s. Also Artist's Studio. "ORIELS," Doddington, Kent.

GALLOWAY. Sea, Moors, Hills. A lovely country: Comfort and good food in old farmhouse, bathroom, h. and c. Garage. MRS. MENZIES, DRUMDOCH, STRANRAER.

GUERNSEY, Grande Mare, Vazon Bay. Visitors accommodated in old converted farmhouse facing beach. MRS. CLARKE.

CHAPEL RIDDING GUEST HOUSE, WINDERMERE. Beautiful position; large grounds; garage; central heating, all comforts. Moderate terms. Resident owners. Telephone: W'mere 285.

JOHN FOTHERGILL, MARKET HARBORO', invites people going North and South, East and West, to use the Three Swans, Now delightful; h. & c. water, fixed and odd meals always.

DEEPDENE, SHANKLIN, I.W. Vegetarian Guest House, sea bathing, sandy beach 10 mins., tennis, ping-pong, etc. Glorious walking country; private car for hire 6d. mile, 4 pass. seats. 2½-3 gns. to end of June, then 3-4 gns. Every comfort. Air journey from London (Heston) 40 mins., air port ½ mile. Mrs. WYNNE. Shanklin 254. Also at 33 Courtfield Road, S.W.7. Frobisher 2094. 2½-3 gns. Partial board from 2 gns.

ENGLISH LAKES. Carefree, unconventional holidays under delightful conditions on unique estate. Varied accommodation. Moderate charges. Particulars, LANGDALE ESTATE, Langdale, Ambleside.

BEACON Hill School, Boyles Court, South Weald, Essex, will be open for summer visitors from mid-July to mid-September. Very pleasant country accommodation for those with short holidays. For terms write Principal.

COME to unspoilt Surrey and stay at "Pilgrims," Gomshall, the Guest House of character. Lovely garden. Perfect hard tennis court. Own produce.

AT ONICH, in the West Highlands, 10 miles from Fort William, there is a small and comfortable hotel, beautifully situated on the shores of Loch Linnhe. Full particulars from MISS VELLACOTT Onich Hotel, Onich, Inverness-shire.

OXFORD, The Castle Hotel. For comfort, service, good food. Meals served till 10 p.m., h. & c. all rooms. Bed and Breakfast, 8s. Special Week-end Terms.

MAY we send you illustrated guide to inform you of the innumerable holiday delights in North Wales? 33 Resorts, some gay, some peaceful. Sunbathing, seabathing, sailing, golfing, fishing, mountain climbing, exploring, touring, and all other sports and amusements. A complete holiday district. Write to Dept. 25, North Wales United Resorts, Bangor, enclosing 2d. stamps. Travel by L.M.S. at a Penny a Mile.

YOUTH HOUSE CLUB CAMP, June 29th to July 13th. Allguer Alps, inclusive cost £8 10s. Particulars CAMP SEC., 250 Camden Road, London, N.W.1.

ANGLO-GERMAN HOLIDAY. There are a few vacancies in international private party to Bavarian Alps. Period three weeks from August 2nd. Total cost about £12. Box 784, &c.

STEINACH—TYROL, 3,423ft. above sea-level, well-known summer resort, swimming-bath. Excellent cuisine, comfort, moderate prices. English spoken. Hotel Weisses Roessl. Prospectus.

BRETON VILLAGE. Journalist recommends comfortable house, 5 mins. sea. Secluded bathing. Garage, garden, h. and c. water. English spoken. July and Sept. from 30 frs. a day. Aug. 35 frs. J. LE BIHAN, Villa la Rance, La Cornillais, Dinard, France.

LOVELY DOLOMITES. Motor with private tour leaving June 29th and July 27th (and later) Finest hotels. 16 days 36 gns. Details LESLIE LING, F.R.G.S., Chalkwell Towers, Westcliff-on-Sea.

WINDMILLS and Mediaeval Walls, butterflies and green lizards. A fresh breeze, a bright sun and the deep blue waters of the sea. Come then to Ibiza. "Ca Vostra," a guest-house with moderate terms. Frau SCHNEIDER KAINER, "Ca Vostra," Calle San Luis, Ibiza, Baleares.

SUMMER SCHOOLS

FABIAN SOCIETY'S Summer School, 1935, at Frensham Heights, near Farnham, Surrey, August 3rd to 31st inclusive. Daily lectures or debates on Socialism and current problems. Bathing, tennis, excursions, etc. Full particulars and terms from the Secretary, Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth St., London, S.W.1.

FOR SALE, TO LET AND WANTED

NEW DEAL FOR RESIDENTS.
WELWYN (30 minutes King's Cross) anticipates the benefits that belated town-planning legislation may (or may not) give the country. No ugly architecture, no ribbon development, no jumbling of business and houses, no skyscrapers, no excessive density. With all these advantages houses cost no more than in unprotected districts. For example, a good 5-roomed house, with large garden for £52 p.a. or to purchase £540. Others at varying rents to meet all cases. Inexpensive sport, good schools and shops, cheerful social environment. A.B.C. Guide from N. S. HOWARD, Howardsgate, Welwyn, Herts.

TO LET, FURNISHED, LAKE DISTRICT: (*a*) cottage (5 beds), in beautiful position near the Hard Knott Pass in Eskdale; (*b*) small farmhouse (5 beds), at head of Haweswater in Mardale—Especially reasonable terms for 4 or more weeks. May–September. SYMONDS, Bird How, Boot.

TOLLESHUNT D'ARCY, MALDON, ESSEX. Furn. cottage to let summer holidays; 2 gns. p.w.; 5 rms., water, el. lt., main drainage. Sea-bathing 3 miles. View week-end. Apply SAINSBURY, 91 Peel St., W.8. Park 0421.

TO be let furnished, old thatched cottage, 8 rooms, bath and kitchen. Thaxted, 6 miles, Cambridge 18. Whole, 3 guineas, or part, self-contained, 2½ guineas per week. Apply Park 4706, or Box 766, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

FURNISHED 4-room cottage. Sea. 12th June to 22nd July. Box 779, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

FOR IMMEDIATE SALE. Would anyone be interested to take over Modern Bookshop—Arts and Crafts Shop, at present making £1 a week and growing steadily. Large premises, exceptionally low rental, 25 miles from London. Box 764, N.S. & N. 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

UNFURNISHED Flat. 2 rooms, kitchen, box-room, balcony; c.h.w., £85 p.a. 15 mins. West End. 23 Canfield Gdns, N.W.6. Mai. 3230.

BLOOMSBURY. Self-contained mansion flat, two rooms, kit., bath, telephone, to let furnd. July and/or August. Box 769, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

BED-SITTING-ROOM, every convenience, use of bathroom, 'phone; rent 12s. 6d. 117 Gray's Inn Road, W.C.1.

HAMPSTEAD. Large double furnished room, use kit.; lovely outlook; 25/- (23/- for one). Also small room, 14/6. Meals, service, as required. Garden. 22 Belsize Ave. PRI. 1043.

AT LAST
MAYFAIR BED-SITTING Rooms in lovely old Bloomsbury Square. From 30s. Mus. 5856. 41 Tavistock Square, W.C.1.

S.W.7. Bachelors furnished or unfurnished Service Suites to let. 2 or 3 rooms, bath; meals optional. Moderate. 'Phone 9 till 2, West.6628.

W.C.1. Large unfurnished room to let; all conveniences; pleasant, quiet. Box 782, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

OVERLOOKING REGENT'S PARK, well-furnished bed-sitting room and suites, central heating, h. and c., 'phone, meals as required. 73 Albert Road.

LARGE front room, unfurnished, gas, electric, bath, geyser, 212 bus Finsbury Park passes door. OWNER, 43, Muswell Hill.

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MACKIE'S CASTLE SHORTBREAD
is the famous EDINBURGH SHORTBREAD in thick fingers. It has had an instant popularity.
Per tin by inland post 3s.
Foreign postages on request.
J. W. MACKIE & SONS, LTD,
108 Princes Street, Edinburgh 2.

HOOVER and Electrolux Vacuum Cleaners, fully guaranteed, nearly new, at about half list price: cash or credit; sent on approval; when answering give voltage; £3 Floor Polisher given Free to every purchaser for a limited period only.—Air-Way, N., Ltd., Abbey House, Baker Street, London, N.W.1. (Welbeck 3331).

JOHN PEEL TWEEDS—woven from pure Cumberland wool, warm and weather resisting. Full suit length 35s. 6d. or 10s. 6d. per yard, 56in. wide. Send for patterns. REDMAYNE & SONS, LTD, No. 10, Wigton, Cumberland.

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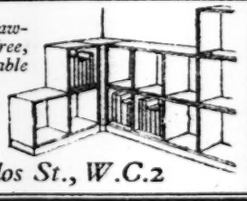


The PHOENIX, 66, Chandos St., W.C.2

For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &c
"Goddard's" Plate Powder
Sold everywhere 6d. 1- 2'- & 3/6

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 128.—CROSS-COUNTRY

Four schools—Repchester, Rugton, Winhouse, and Charterby—ran a cross-country race. Each school had three competitors. The winning school was determined by adding points, on the basis of 6 points for the first boy home, 5 points for the second, 4 for the third, 3 for the fourth, 2 for the fifth, and 1 for the sixth. Other placings did not count.

A party of bookmakers attended the race. None of them knew anything whatever about the form of any of the runners.

"Let's have some bets," said Gamble, who was bored.

"Right," said Layoff. "I'll bet you a fiver that no two schools will score the same number of points."

"Agreed," said Gamble.

"I'll bet you a fiver," said Nark, "that the winning school will score at least 9 points."

"Agreed," said Gamble.

"And I'll bet you a fiver," said Oddson, "that the number of points scored by each of at least two schools is an even number. I don't mean an equal number; I mean 'even' in the arithmetical sense."

"Right you are," said Gamble.

"Mine's a contingent bet," said Punter. "I want you to lay me four to one in fivers against Repchester's scoring 5 points—provided, first, that each school scores 1 point at least; second, that there is no tie for any of the first six places; and third, that Layoff, Nark and Oddson all lose their bets."

Is this a fair bet? Or does Gamble stand to gain or to lose, and, if so, how much?

PROBLEM 126.—ROAD HOGS

My favourite maxim—that "a puzzle would not be a puzzle if it did not puzzle somebody"—seems particularly applicable this week. About four out of five would-be solvers seem thoroughly "flummoxed."

Here are the points at issue:

(1) What was the problem set by the Magistrate? Answer: the problem was to find the relevant partitions of the number of shillings represented by Crankshaft's fine. That this *is* a problem differentiates the right answer (8 passengers) from the wrong answer (3 passengers). Crankshaft's problem differs, it will be noted, from the problem set to the solver.

(2) Are there two or more answers? No. Had there been only 3 passengers, and a car going 3 m.p.h., the possible partitions of 9:

1	2	6
1	3	5
2	3	4

are instantly apparent. Besides, 9*s*. is an absurd fine, whereas 40*s*. is usual (for this reason, I expected more correct answers). 40*s*. can be partitioned as follows among the 8 passengers:

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	12
1	2	3	4	5	6	8	11
1	2	3	4	5	6	9	10
1	2	3	4	5	7	8	10
1	2	3	4	6	7	8	9

It is quite reasonable that Crankshaft should be given ten minutes in which to work this out.

(3) Is a driver a passenger? I've no idea. I never take advantage of a verbal ambiguity of this kind. The answer *eight* (which counts the driver as a passenger) and *nine* (which does not) will therefore both be accepted.

(4) I don't quite know what to say to two solvers who have rejected the correct solution in favour of the incorrect one, on the ground that no car carries eight passengers. Surely this is carrying dogmatism just a shade too far? My car, which is by no means a large one, has had eight in it in its time, and I have seen far more, on occasion, in "seven-seater" limousines. I think these two solvers must get full marks, with a caution!

PROBLEM 125.—CIGARS

A set of Low's cartoons goes to: Henry H. Cobb, 58 Mildmay Road, Chelmsford, Essex.

Seven points are awarded.

There was an absurd misprint in the solution as published,

$12x + 7y + 3z = 0$ should have read

$12x + 7y + 3z = 100$

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

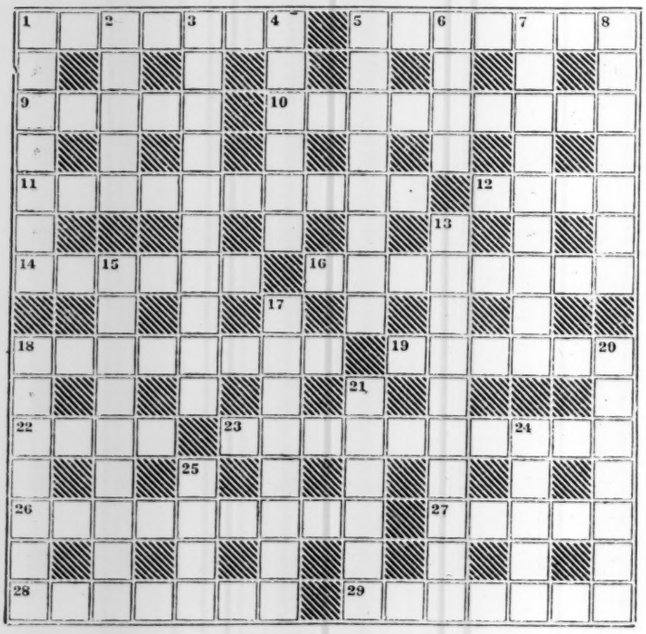
In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize, consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10*s*. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope; but on separate sheets of paper.

Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

CALIBAN

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 274

The sender of the first correct solution to be opened may choose as prize a copy of either *This England* or *The Playtime Omnibus*. Envelopes should be addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1, and must arrive not later than first post next Wednesday. Prize-winners should address their claims to the Editor.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
A. L. Bacharach, 26, Willow Road, N.W.3

ACROSS

1. Painful result of heating the glue pot perhaps.
5. Roundabout description of a snail's house.
9. Not set on edge.
10. One must feel for it.
11. Rugger men only play when the ball is thus beyond their reach.
12. Negroid brother.
14. A fee for medicine?
16. Lubrication for the retinue?
18. Toothsomely ground.
19. Printers who gather for this are not necessarily pious.
22. A 6 on the way to India.
23. Legal passage on foot.
26. His victims do not lead a tame life.
27. A lot go back to the borders of Essex.
28. Curtain material with a shoe fastener.
29. Suspended except when wearing the Order of the Garter.

DOWN

1. ¾ moon faced.
2. Natural pluck in the feathered world.
3. Incongruous description of an also ran.
4. Instruction that often involves class consciousness.
5. Vehicle that does not provide a leg rest.
6. Where a beast takes it lying down so to speak.
7. Take it away, as Augustus might have said.
8. In shooting matters does not follow the leader.
13. The course is hidden by them.
15. Cat extended, of course.
17. Charming sort of man.
18. Talking box.
20. Jubilee expression.
21. "Rickety" covering.
24. Women's Institute and the willow branch.
25. Keeps lions out and a mob back.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

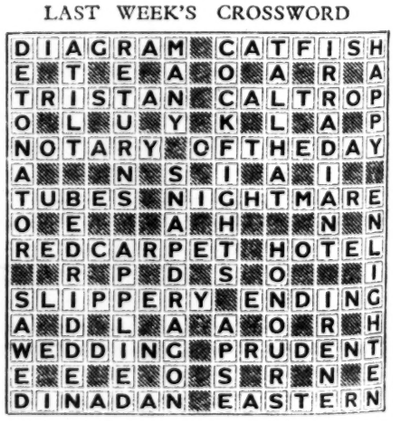


DIAGRAM CATFISH
ETE A O A R A
TRISTAN CALTROP
O L U Y K L A P
NOTARY OF THE DAY
A N S I A I
TUBES NIGHTMARE
O E A H N N
REDCARPET HOTEL
R P D S O I
SLIPPERY ENDING
A D L A A O R H
WEDDING PRUDENT
E E E O S R N E
DINADAN EASTERN

THE charge for classified advertisements is One Shilling and Sixpence per line per insertion (a line averages seven words). One line should be added for Box Number. Substantial reduction for a series of insertions. Copy first post Wednesday. The Advt. Manager, N.S. & N., 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. (Hol. 3216.)

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

THE ETHICAL CHURCH, Queen's Road, Bayswater. Sunday, June 9th, at 11. MR. GERALD HEARD: THE SANCTION FOR MORALITY. 7. DR. H. J. BRIDGES: THE CANONISATION OF SIR THOMAS MORE.

GUILDHOUSE, Eccleston Square, S.W.1. Sunday, June 9th, at 6.30 p.m. DR. MAUDE ROYDEN: CAN MAN KNOW GOD?

SEX EDUCATION CENTRE, Century Theatre, Archer Street, Westbourne Grove. Monday, June 17th. Discussion: THE LEGALISATION OF ABORTION: WHAT POLICY SHALL WE ENDORSE? Admission 6d. Programme of speakers sent on request.

SCHOOLS AND EDUCATIONAL

CROHAM HURST SCHOOL, South Croydon. Healthy and beautiful situation. Aim of education; free development as individuals and as members of general community. Independent study. Special attention to health and physical development. Pupils prepared for the Universities. Well-qualified staff. Principal, BERTA S. HUMPHREY.

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Recognised by the Board of Education as an efficient Secondary School.

Provides a sound secondary school education for boys and girls from 9 to 18 years of age up to School Certificate and Higher School Certificate standards.

Special attention is given to the training of character and to the cultivation of a right sense of social and international justice.

Situated in its own estate of 350 acres, the School is completely equipped with Chemistry, Physics and Biology Laboratories, Gymnasium, Swimming Bath, Common Rooms, Library, Handicraft Workshops, Art School, spacious Playing Fields, Home Farm and Garden. For Prospectus and full particulars apply:
THE BURSAR, ACKWORTH SCHOOL,
Nr. PONTEFRACT, YORKS.

THE GARDEN SCHOOL, WYCOMBE COURT, LANE END, BUCKS. Boarding School for Girls (ages 4-18) in lovely part of Chiltern Hills. 61 acres. 550ft. above sea-level. Sound education on free individual lines, with scope for initiative and creative self-expression in all subjects, including arts, crafts, music dancing, eurhythmics. Aims: at developing harmonised cultured personalities with a wide outlook on life and a high ideal of social usefulness. Fees £105-165 per annum.

BEACON HILL SCHOOL, Boyle's Court, South Weald, Essex (nearest village, Great Warley) Co-educational, from two years. Applies modern knowledge in diet, psychology and teaching methods. Moderate fees, easily accessible, but in lovely country surroundings. Majority of trained staff with five years experience in the school itself. Inquiries to DORA RUSSELL, Principal.

KESWICK SCHOOL: ENGLISH LAKES. Co-educational. Ages 6-18. Fees £82 (or less).

KING ARTHUR'S SCHOOL for Girls and Boys. Sound education on modern lines. Apply MISS WALKERDINE, B.A., 10 Bolton Gardens, S.W.5.

MALTMAN'S GREEN, GERRARD'S CROSS. *Head Mistress:* MISS CHAMBERS, Girton College, Cambridge late Head Mistress of the Huddersfield High School. The aim of this school is to develop the character, intellect, and healthy growth of the child for the good of the community, to encourage self-expression, to increase resource and initiative by practical work. The girls will be prepared for the Universities, the Medical Profession, and for advanced work in Music, or Art. Fees include Elocution, Dancing, Cookery. Gerrard's Cross is 300ft. above sea level and is on gravel soil. The house is delightfully situated in its own grounds of 15 acres.

MARLBOROUGH HOUSE, Reading. Preparatory School for boys, 6½-14. Good staff, grounds workshops, swimming bath. Free family life. Headmaster, H. E. MAKINS, M.A. Oxon.

BRECHIN PLACE SCHOOL for Girls and Boys.—Apply MRS. E. M. SPENCER, 11 Brechin Place, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.

PINEWOOD, Crowborough, Sussex, 700ft a.s.l. adjoining Ashdown Forest. Progressive Home School for boys and girls, 3-12 years. Individual education. Open air life. Entire charge taken. Apply Principals.

SCHOOLS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS
TUTORS FOR ALL EXAMS.
Prospectuses and reliable information forwarded free of charge.
The age of the pupil, district preferred, and rough idea of fees should be given.
J. & J. PATON, Educational Agents, 143 Cannon Street, London, E.C.4. Tel.: Mansion House 5053.

OXFORD, Wychwood School for Girls. Founded 1897; recognised by B. of Ed. Eighty pupils aged 6-18. Special civics, literature, art, music. Preparation for Universities. Swimming, boating, lacrosse, netball, tennis. Health record exceptional. Aim, to unite sound modern education on lines of individual freedom with older standards of courtesy and consideration. MARGARET LEE, M.A. (Oxon.), GERALDINE COSTER, B.Litt. (Oxon.).

SCHOOLS—continued

BADMINTON SCHOOL, Westbury-on-Trym Bristol.
A Public School for Girls. (Founded 1858.)
Visitor, The Right Hon. the Viscount Cecil of Chelwood, P.C., K.C., M.A., D.C.L., LL.D.
President of the Board of Governors: Gilbert Murray, Esq., LL.D., D.Litt., F.B.A., Regius Professor of Greek in the University of Oxford.
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Sound education is combined with preparation for world citizenship, full advantage being taken of School Journeys abroad and of the proximity of the City and University of Bristol for cultural, educational and social purposes. Girls of non-British nationality are welcome in the community.

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Recognised by Board of Education.
Headmistress:
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Endowed School. Moderate inclusive fee for board, tuition and books.
Junior Department, ages five to ten.

BEDALES, Petersfield, Hants. The pioneer co-educational Public School (founded 1893). Separate Junior House. For particulars of Scholarships offered, apply to the Headmaster, J. H. BADLEY, M.A., Camb.

L'AVENIR, Chesières-Villars, Switzerland. Co-educational (4-18). Altitude, 4,100 feet.

HAWNES SCHOOL, AMPTHILL. Public School on individual lines for girls from 10-19. Playing fields park, woodland, 93 acres. Riding, Swimming. Girls are prepared for the usual examinations and for University entrance or may specialise in Languages. Art, Music, Domestic Science. Fees £120-£180 p.a.

BROOKLANDS, Crowborough, Sussex. Pre-prep. school and all-year-round home. Sound early education and careful training. Boys 3-10. Girls 3-12. Trained staff. Exceptional health record. Beautiful surroundings. Apply SECRETARY.

ST. CHRISTOPHER SCHOOL, LETCHWORTH (recognised by the Board of Education). A thorough education for boys and girls to 19 years, at moderate fees in an open-air atmosphere of ordered freedom and progress. Headmaster: H. LYN HARRIS, M.A., LL.B. (Camb.).

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KING'S SCHOOL, Bruton, Somerset. Examination for three Scholarships and seven Exhibitions on June 25th, 26th, 27th. Apply HEADMASTER.

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THE QUEEN'S SECRETARIAL COLLEGE.
255 CROMWELL ROAD, S. KENSINGTON, S.W.5.
provides an efficient training in delightful surroundings, ALL SECRETARIAL SUBJECTS TAUGHT.
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Provides advanced modern training and assures well-paid positions for gentlewomen. Individual tuition. For prospectus telephone VICTORIA 4495.

THE SCHOOL, DARTINGTON HALL, TOTNES, SOUTH DEVON. A department for the training of teachers in Nursery School, Kindergarten and Junior School Methods. Instruction is offered in the theory and practice of progressive education. Special attention is paid to the contributions of the new schools of psychology and to the utilisation for education of rural life and industries. Preparation for Higher Certificate National Froebel Union. Further particulars on application.

THE BEDFORD PHYSICAL TRAINING COLLEGE, 37 Lansdowne Road, Bedford, Principal, MISS STANSFELD. Students are trained in this College to become teachers of gymnastics. The course of Training extends over 3 years and includes Educational and Medical Gymnastics, Massage, Dancing, Hockey, Lacrosse, Cricket, Tennis, Netball, etc. Fees £165 per annum. For prospectus apply SECRETARY.

CAMBRIDGE TRAINING COLLEGE FOR WOMEN (Post-Graduate).
Recognised by the Board of Education.
Principal: MISS H. DENT, M.A.
A residential college providing a year's professional training in preparation for the Cambridge University Certificate in Education. Students are eligible for grants. Admission in January and September. For particulars apply to the PRINCIPAL.

CHARITIES

FACTORY GIRLS' COUNTRY HOLIDAY FUND. Chairman, Lady Loch. FUNDS URGENTLY NEEDED. Hundreds of the poorest working girls hoping for a week or more at the sea during the next few months.—Gifts thankfully acknowledged by the HON. TREASURER, or MISS CANNEY, 75 Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.1.

LOANS

PRIVATE ADVANCES AVAILABLE IMMEDIATELY. REGIONAL TRUST LTD. (Regent 5983.) 8 Clifford St., New Bond St., London, W.1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT & WANTED

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF SWANSEA.

The Council invites applications for the post of Assistant Lecturer in the Department of Philosophy. Salary, £300 per annum. The appointment will date from October 1st, 1935.

Further particulars may be obtained from the undersigned, by whom applications must be received on or before June 15th, 1935.

Singleton Park, Swansea. EDWIN DREW, Registrar.

PSYCHIATRIC SOCIAL WORKERS (two, one of whom will be designated lady almoner and inquiry officer) required by London County Council at the Maudsley Hospital (242 beds), Denmark Hill, London, S.E.5, for neuroses or curable mental disorder (voluntary cases) with out-patients' department and clinic. Service will be either in the adult out-patient department or children's department. Age under 40. Salary £235 a year, rising to £310. No emoluments. Pensionable. Marriage terminates contract of service. Experience or training in psychiatric social work essential. Persons appointed will be required to co-operate with the medical staff in investigating the history of patients. For application form, returnable by 12th June, send stamped addressed foolscap envelope to the MEDICAL SUPERINTENDENT, The Maudsley Hospital, Denmark Hill, S.E.5. Canvassing disqualifies.

THE TYNESIDE COUNCIL OF SOCIAL SERVICE invites applications for the post of Director. Salary £600 per annum. The appointment is open to persons of either sex. The person appointed will be required to supervise and to initiate social work of a very varied character, carried on by the Council and its affiliated bodies in thirteen Tyneside towns. Applications, with record of appointments and experience and accompanied by copies of three recent testimonials and giving the names of not more than three persons as references, should reach the SECRETARY (from whom further particulars may be obtained) at 17, Ellison Place, Newcastle-upon-Tyne 1, not later than first post on Monday, July 1st.

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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By TOREADOR

THE REAL "BEARS" OF FRANCS—EXCHANGE FUND OPERATIONS—BANK RATE OUT OF DATE—IRON AND STEEL RECOVERIES—"INTRODUCTIONS"

THE great campaign against the bears of francs fizzled out with M. Bouisson. The amount of speculative short selling of francs has always been exaggerated. When the discount on three months' forward francs rose to 7½ francs last week practically no business was done, and it is obvious that very few bears were induced to cover when the Bouisson Government was formed and the three-months discount narrowed for a time to 1¾ francs. What all French Governments are confronted with is a genuine flight of capital and the action which is contemplated against "speculators" is really the beginning of exchange restrictions designed to make it impossible for capital to fly. Indeed, it is already difficult for the French financier to deal freely in francs seeing that his office may be raided at any time by the French police. As for dealings in London some nonsense has been talked about the Exchange Equalisation Fund refusing to sell francs to bears anxious to cover. The Exchange Equalisation Fund gives its orders to the five joint stock banks and a few private banks and when these banks deal they do not ask each other the names of their customers. Sooner or later it will be discovered in France that the guilty parties, the real enemies of the State, are not the "bears" of francs, but (1) the politicians, who refuse to see that devaluation is the necessary preliminary step which must be taken if the Budget is to be balanced, and (2) the Regents of the Bank of France who wrap themselves up, like mummies, in the death clothes of their constitution and, instead of making advances to the Treasury, raise their bank rate to war-time heights, and insist on the Treasury paying more for their loans.

* * *

The question arises how our Exchange Equalisation Fund will operate when France imposes an embargo on the export of gold or refuses, like America, to export gold to any country not on the gold standard. Hitherto the Fund has had gold earmarked at the Bank of France against the francs which it has purchased. If this practice has to be discontinued the Fund will presumably be forced to convert its dollars or francs into gold *via* Brussels. Or it may bid for gold in the London bullion market. What the Fund is concerned with is to prevent an undue appreciation of sterling and to enlarge its holdings of gold with a view to final stabilisation. All this suggests a further rise in the sterling price of gold. If the franc were devalued finally by 25 per cent., the mint price of gold in Paris would be raised to 701.657 francs per ounce and the franc exchange would fall to 100.24 to the £ on the basis of the present price of gold in London at 140*s.* per ounce, ex premium. But this would be a signal for a return flow of capital to France and a weakening of sterling in terms of the new franc. Thus the sterling price of gold would rise.

* * *

In an article on the ebb and flow of international short-term funds the Midland Bank, in its current bulletin, accepts the Macmillan Committee figure of £400 to £450 millions as the amount of the short-term liabilities of London at the end of last year. A large part of this total consists of funds held in course of trade or debt service and over £150 millions are attributed to the sterling resources of foreign central banks. The violently fluctuating part is called by the Bank "financial funds" and is estimated at £80 to £90 millions. These funds consist of foreign capital which has come to London either to earn more by way of interest or capital appreciation or to escape currency depreciation. It is estimated that the amount of gold held in London by foreigners is about £200 millions at present prices. Seeing that the total gross income of Great Britain from abroad, both visible and invisible, probably falls short of £70 millions a month, it will be appreciated that the sudden movements of these "financial funds" by their foreign operators can provoke violent disturbances in the sterling exchange. Movements on capital account will continue to overshadow transactions on account of merchandise trade and interest payments for some time to come. The Midland Bank, therefore, argues that the Exchange Equalisation Fund has come to stay. Even when currencies become fixed again in terms of gold and the amount of "financial funds" in London has been lessened by the final repatriation of refugee money, there will still be exchange disturbances brought about by speculative capital movements. The difficulties we encountered, for example, during the New York Stock Exchange boom in maintaining the external value of sterling without penalising home industry through restrictive monetary measures, are a reminder that the old machinery of gold movements and bank rate changes is inadequate and too harsh in its operation to cope with present-day financial conditions. The Midland Bank concludes: "The Exchange Fund in the control of the central banks has introduced a new element into our monetary equipment, which will become an important instrument for insulating our domestic monetary conditions from the largely irrelevant movements in an expanded volume of floating, internationally owned funds." To put it into plain language, the use of bank rate for an external monetary purpose is out of date. The last attempt of the French Government to save the franc by raising bank rate to 6 per cent., finally discredited this ridiculous system. It is time to break the news to Mr. Montagu Norman, the Bank of France, and the London professors of economics, that bank rate has changed—with the times.

* * *

The iron and steel industry is peculiar for its extreme ups and downs, and a speculative investor who foresaw the market consequences of a revival in our "heavy" industries, assisted by tariffs and exchange depreciation, will now have received an exceptionally fine profit. Some of the more striking recoveries in market values are shown in the following table:

	1934. Low.	Present Price.	Approximate Gross Yield %
Allied Ironfounders £1 Ordinary ..	16/9	43/7½	£5 4 9 on 12½% div.
Baldwins Ordinary 4/-	2/6	6/9	£1 9 9
Baldwins 7% "B" Pref. 10/- ..	4/3	13/6	£5 3 9
Barrow Haematite £1 Ordinary ..	2/3	6/1½	Nil
Barrow Haematite 6% Debenture ..	33⅞	80	?£7 10 0
Dorman Long 5% 1st Mort. Deb., 1963	49½	103¾	£4 18 0
Dorman Long 6½% Non-cum. Pref. ..	6/5	19/6	£6 13 3
Richard Thomas 6½% Tax-free £1 Preference	22/-	27/-	£6 2 0
Richard Thomas Ordinary 6/8 ..	2/8	7/-	£5 14 3

The recovery in earning power has been remarkable. Baldwins, for example, has been able to pay a dividend on its ordinary shares for the first time in over ten years, I am not suggesting that the speculator should immediately take profits, for there is no sign yet of any retrogression in the iron and steel industry, but the scope for further capital appreciation is becoming very limited. Of the securities mentioned in this table only Barrow Haematite has not yet disclosed its present earning position. The report is expected shortly, and if the company can resume payment of its debenture interest, the 6 per cent. debenture stock may rise further.

* * *

It is rare that I find myself endorsing the *Daily Mail*, but all good people will support their appeal to the Stock Exchange Committee to review the system known as Stock Exchange "introductions." If a big public demand is expected for a new ordinary share there is a temptation for the financial house which has bought the issue to place the shares, at a profit, among privileged jobbers and brokers and then to open the dealings at a much higher price with the intention of unloading on the public. Take the case of the recent "introductions" of Aspro and O.K. Bazaars ordinary shares. Aspro Ltd., paid £818,053 for the goodwill of the "Aspro" tablet business, and made a public issue of 500,000 5½ per cent. preference shares at 21*s.*, which was so over-subscribed that the allotments were balloted for! Practically the whole of the ordinary share capital (2,000,000 ordinary shares of 5*s.*) were taken up by the vendors at par. The British Shareholders Trust purchased 500,000 of these ordinary shares from the vendors at 14*s.* 6*d.* and placed them among the privileged at 17*s.* Dealings opened at 19*s.* 6*d.* and the price was run up to 21*s.* When it appeared that the public demand at this price was drying up the price was marked down sharply to 17*s.* 3*d.* O.K. Bazaars own multiple shops, on the Woolworth principle in South Africa. The ordinary shares were acquired by a London group at 15*s.* and were "placed" at 18*s.* 6*d.* Dealings were started at 20*s.* and the price was advanced to 27*s.* 6*d.*, subsequently falling to 22*s.* Under any well-ordered financial system it would not be permissible for any privileged financial class to obtain an inordinate profit by squeezing the public. The Stock Exchange Committee, which granted 1,465 applications for "permission to deal" last year (representing £586 millions) and refused only one application outright, might well become a little more severe in dealing with "introductions" in which the investing public is not allowed to participate on "ground floor" terms.

Company Meeting

THE EVER READY COMPANY (GREAT BRITAIN) LTD.

SALES ADVANCE

LITIGATION SATISFACTORILY SETTLED

MR. MAGNUS GOODFELLOW ON GRATIFYING RESULTS

THE ordinary annual general meeting of The Ever Ready Company (Great Britain) Ltd. was held on the 3rd June, 1935, at the "Ever Ready" Works, Hercules Place, Holloway, N.7, Mr. Magnus Goodfellow (Chairman and Managing Director of the Company) presiding.

The Chairman said: The results of the year's trading must be as gratifying to you as they are to your Directors. They were obtained in the face of many difficulties, by hard and incessant work in production and selling.

On the production side many improvements were again effected, and our Report informs you that, while benefits were obtained during the year under review, greater benefits should accrue to the business in future years.

On the selling side consumers have demanded our goods in greater quantities than ever before, and the retail and wholesale trades have loyally supported us in distribution. We are in a position to know that the business we have built up through the years has benefited, not only the shareholders, Directors, and workpeople concerned therein, but our consumers and friends in the distributing trades.

In establishing the special trading reserve of £60,000 referred to in our Report to you, we show clearly our intention to continue energetically to foster the consumption of our goods in the homes of the people.

OVERSEAS DEVELOPMENT

We have co-operated with the Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation of the United States in the formation of the International Eveready Company Limited for the purpose of manufacturing and selling our goods in many countries overseas. Progress has been made, profits have been received during the year, and we look forward to the development of these businesses.

The Continental companies have not contributed to the profits of the year by reason of restrictions and Exchange difficulties. Their trading position is strong, and we can fairly hope that we shall obtain the benefits to which our work entitles us in the not too distant future.

The Directors' Report and Statement of Accounts of Lissen Limited were issued to the Shareholders of that Company on the 17th May, 1935, and copies are available to you. The Report makes clear the difficulties we have encountered in this business, and the Accounts show that, not only have the sales and profits of the fifteen months to the 31st March, 1935, fallen heavily, but that the debts created in the previous year by large sales under easy payment agreements in November and December, 1933, have been found to be to a large extent uncollectable, and the Directors have deemed it necessary to write off the debts still outstanding to the amount of £66,181. The other writings off are clearly expressed, and the business goes forward on a good liquid asset basis. I cannot do better than quote from the Lissen Directors' Report the following statement:

> "Reorganisation work has been carried on, great improvements have been made in the quality and finish of the Company's goods, and substantial operating economies have been effected, so that to-day prospects for the coming year are much improved."

LISSEN IMPROVEMENTS

Our Company's holding in Lissen Limited is 420,000 Ordinary Shares of £1 each, fully paid, at a total cost of £742,000, and it must be clear to you that, had your Directors considered this money lost, they would have written off the whole amount out of the accumulated reserves of your Company. It is obvious that, with the wholesale changes we were compelled to make in the management and organisation of this business, it had necessarily to pass through a transitional period, and, in your Directors' view, it would be shortsighted to value your asset permanently on a transitional basis. We anticipate that Lissen Limited will show improved trading results in the future, and there is one thing on which you may rely—if it appears later that this asset is over-valued, your Directors will at once write it down, in accordance with the conservative financial policy we have always pursued.

On May 27th, 1935, we issued a report to you on the subject of the action brought by T. N. Cole against the Company and others to set aside the undertaking given by him in June, 1933. The plaintiff's advisers approached us for a settlement, and offered to pay our costs, and we agreed to settle the action on the terms already in your hands, acting in the best interests of the shareholders and the business generally.

This, then, was the "pending litigation" that was so noisomely bruited abroad.

The balance-sheet shows that some £200,000 of capital expenditure was provided during the year from our own resources and without depleting our liquid funds. Stock is well bought, and our purchasing arrangements ensure that no substantial increase in the costs of our material is to be apprehended during the coming year.

INCREASED SALES

The results shown by the accounts have been achieved in the face of the competition to which we are by popular rumour so peculiarly vulnerable—of course, we are vulnerable to competition: every business is—and your Company has had to meet intense competition in various shapes and forms since the first day of its formation, and will probably have to go on doing so right into the far future. One cannot say that no competition can do us any harm, but I will say that, in the whole course of your Company's history, our interests have never been so widely spread nor have we ever been better equipped profitably to combat competition than we are to-day. The present year's trading has opened promisingly, sales to date again showing an advance on the sales for the similar period of a year ago.

I express our warm thanks to the managers, executive staff and workpeople, who have all contributed their part to the successful year's working.

In conclusion, may I again urge that you will continue to support your Company by insisting on Ever Ready and Lissen when buying any of the numerous products we manufacture.

The Report and Accounts were adopted and payment of the dividends recommended was approved.

At an extraordinary meeting following, resolutions were passed converting the issued Preference and Ordinary share capital into stock.

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THE NEW

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The Week-end Review

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

MR. LLOYD GEORGE, rebuffed by the Cabinet, has made a new move. His stirring manifesto, whose signatories include himself, Lords Lothian and Snowden and Sir Walter Layton, and eminent Nonconformist leaders, is addressed to people of all parties and no parties. It is couched in eloquent, but very general terms. It calls for strenuous efforts for "peace and reconstruction" on the part of whatever Government may be returned. That we all want, and few candidates, we imagine, will find any difficulty in applauding the general idea. But the "non-party approach" stressed in the manifesto does not sound very hopeful in a country where the party system is so deeply rooted as it is here. Supporters of Mr. Baldwin and of Labour will both want to scrutinise the proposals of this "Council of Action" in a concrete form, before they commit themselves to yeses or noes. Will the programme turn out to be merely an elaboration of Mr. Lloyd George's New Deal? We shall presumably get an answer after the "Convention," which is to begin on July 1st.

Japan Goes On

The Japanese army has now bitten off another great chunk of China—the province of Hopei in which Peking lies. The Nanking Government has been too weak to resist the invaders' demands, presented at the point of the bayonet. Chinese troops have been forced to evacuate the province, together with all but the most pro-Japanese of the Chinese officials, and the branches of the Kuomintang and other nationalist organisations are suppressed. Nor is this all. Another province, Chahar, is threatened immediately with the same fate, and soon, it is expected, all North China down to the Yellow River will be in Japanese hands. These *coups* by the military are said to be viewed with disfavour by the civilian element in the Government; and our old friend "the Foreign Office spokesman" in Tokio declares emphatically that the Japanese Government have no concern whatever with any new administration established in northern China. We seem to have heard similar disclaimers on various occasions since the beginning of the Manchurian adventure. The British Government, thanks particularly to Sir John Simon, long ago condemned itself to the role of an idle spectator of Japanese aggression. It is now sending Sir Frederick Leith-Ross to give financial advice to the Chinese Government. He will not get a very cordial welcome, we fear, from the Chinese Government's masters.

Mussolini's Thunder

While Mr. Baldwin was talking so gentlemanlike in Staffordshire last week-end, Signor Mussolini was roaring in Sardinia like the bull of Bashan—and roaring in particular